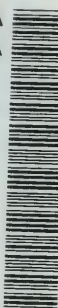
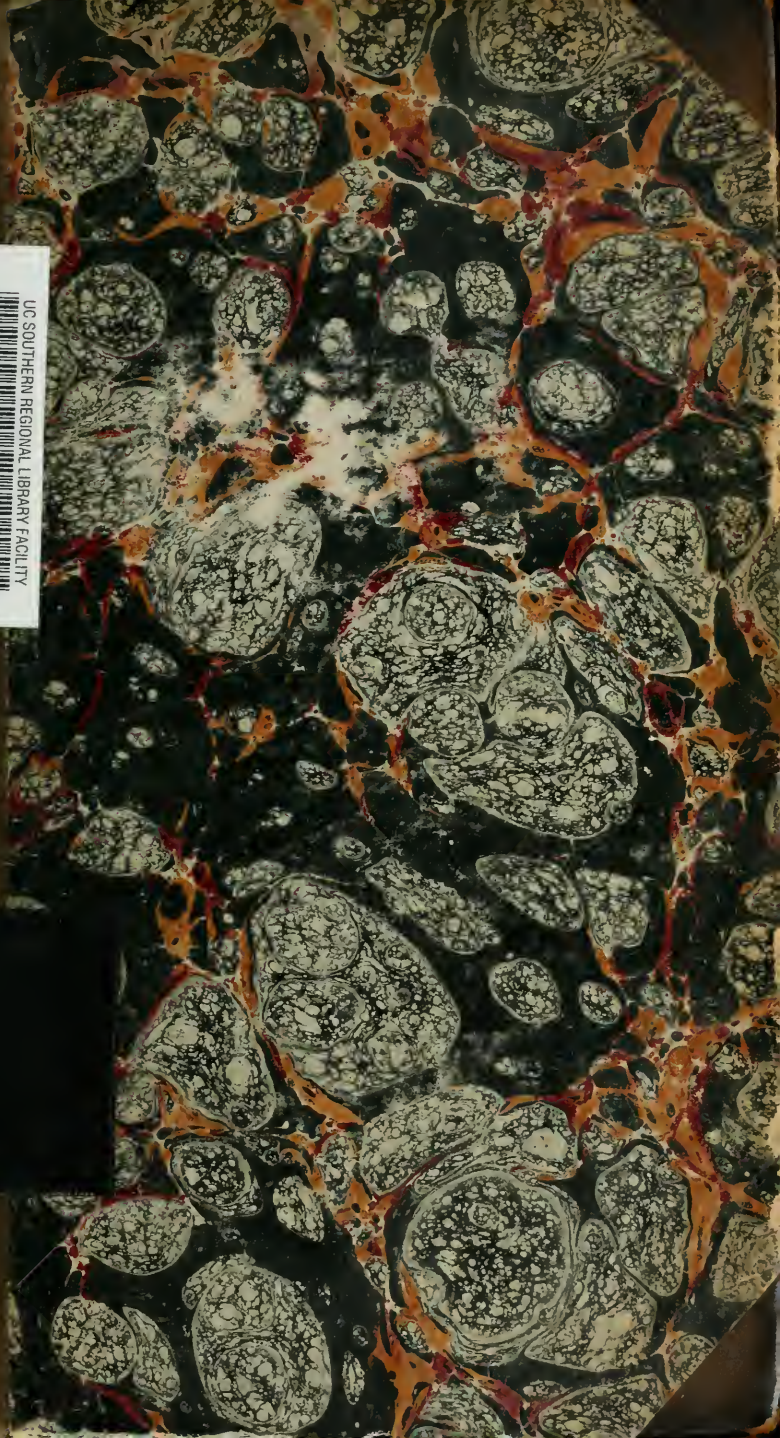


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BOGLE CORBET;

OR,

THE EMIGRANTS.

VOL. III.

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BOGLE CORBET;

OR,

THE EMIGRANTS.

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BY JOHN GALT, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "LAWRIE TODD," "THE LIFE OF LORD BYRON,"

&c. &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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LONDON:

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BOGLE CORBET;

OR,

THE EMIGRANTS.

CHAPTER I.

PROCEEDINGS.

BEING informed that several days would probably elapse before our luggage could reach Prescott, I was induced to make a temporary arrangement for my family remaining there, while I proceeded to York by the steam-boat, to determine my future location, as the inhabitants of the country call the spot on which a settler fixes himself.

Now that the country has been surveyed, the necessity of this journey to the Surveyor-general's office was not very apparent. It would be more convenient to the public were

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there District Offices, to which strangers, as they proceeded, could apply for locations: but as I have said, I came not to Canada to turn politician, and should therefore avoid observations for the public good, lest they be regarded as seditious offences

Previous to parting from Eric Pullicate in Glasgow, I had in some measure arranged to settle in the township of Nox, but I could gain no other intelligence respecting it at Prescott, than that it lay somewhere in the rear of the Home District. My reason for preferring Nox, was partly because some of Mr. Pullicate's radical friends had written to him favourably of the soil and climate, and that they only wanted a gentleman with capital to come among them, who would take a magisterial interest in their general affairs. But in ascending the St. Lawrence, as the steamer passed the lake of a Thousand Islands, I was a good deal shattered in my original purpose by the beauty of the scenery, which, as the vessel in her course meandered among the islets, opened innumerable vistas of pleasing nooks and sylvan bowers, beautiful as if they had been

the artificial ornaments of some Blenheim or Stowe, adorned by a Capability Brown, and not the unpremeditated graces of Nature in her playfulness.

My reverie, however, and all the towers and temples I was busy building on the rocky capes and piny promontories, were suddenly blown into the air, by a Yankey passenger saying to me, guessing the visionary tenour of my thoughts,

“ Well, dang me if that ben’t the most ridiculous cast-iron land ever I seed with bush on’t !”

And the truth was so ; for, except in a few places, the picturesque in that romantic wilderness of cliffs, and trees, and glassy waters, is certainly obtained in contempt of all profitable beauty. But still, to the way-faring voyager, in the calm of a bright morning, it is a delicious landscape, and the cheerfulness is often enhanced by the appearance of a deer swimming from one island to another.

At Kingston we stopped two or three hours ; a pleasant, thriving, market-looking town, with, however, something not altogether of an Eng-

lish aspect, arising from the naval-yard, and the fortifications which overlook them. Here again I grudged in a malcontent humour that the Land Office at York was so far off; making, as my Yankey friend said, "the immigrant prejudice himself whether or no." But my spleen was alleviated by a gentleman whom we took on board here pointing out to me, soon after the steamer was again under weigh, a small tree on the shore, under which, tradition says, Moore composed his song of "The Woodpecker." Objects of this kind give an indescribable charm to the landscape, and especially in America, where the scenery as yet cannot furnish many such talismans to command the genii of memory and fancy.

We had from Kingston to Little York several passengers, but few of them bore the impress of any character. They were of a sedate and ruminating habit, much like Englishmen in appearance, but more languid in manners, and less decisive in conversation; not discriminating with so much accuracy the difference between a credible notion and a fact. This, however, is my opinion of the Upper Ca-

nadians in general, and perhaps, though it then struck me as peculiar, it may have come more from a wish to discover some national characteristic in them, than from the thing itself being remarkable. When we describe in retrospect our first impressions, we are little aware how much they have been insensibly modified by intervening circumstances.

We reached York the day after leaving Kingston, and having received the address of a land-agent, I immediately proceeded to his place of business, and got him to accompany me to the Surveyor-general's office. In a short time I made my selection of six lots, or twelve hundred acres, in a block, in the ninth concession of Nox. There were several other detached lots of two hundred acres each, in the same township, which Mr. Rampart, the surveyor-general, a white-haired, corpulently-inclined old gentleman, of mild and obliging manners, kindly agreed to reserve for my Glasgow followers until I could let the agent know of their arrival. It is but an act of justice to speak of that respectable officer with sentiments of great esteem. His suavity and willingness

to oblige, made indeed a lasting impression upon me, and which was the more emphatic, as I heard in coming along, that the emigrants often complained of their treatment in his department; whereas I could see that they were themselves the cause of all the inconvenience they suffered.

Emigrants being chiefly persons little accustomed to official business, like all such, do not sufficiently respect the indispensable forms of office, and those observances of routine which regularity requires, imagining themselves not regarded with sufficient consideration, when it is their own importunity and want of knowledge that constitute the fault. They should always avail themselves of local aid and advice, and ever consider that the business they have to transact, although an exception in the tenour of their lives, is the daily and constant trade of those with whom they have to deal. Were they sufficiently impressed with this, much heartburning would be avoided; and instead of seeing any grievance in the strict enforcement of official rule, they would discover that the temporary inconvenience which it sometimes

may occasion to an individual, is amply compensated by the general good effects that flow to the public.

When I had finished my business with the Surveyor-general, the agent conducted me to an inn, called the Steam-boat Hotel, the first I visited on the western side of the Atlantic, apart from my family. As it afforded me a view of habits and manners considerably dissimilar to those of England, I shall describe it for the benefit of my friends in the old country ; and should any of them have the good fortune to fall in with this book, I beg them to recollect that the accommodations of a Canadian hotel should be as interesting to Englishmen as a Turkish khan, or a Persian caravansari.

CHAPTER II.

AN INN.

THE Steam boat Hotel, a raw, plank-built house, with a double veranda, fronts the harbour. The guests consisted of certain permanent boarders and accidental travellers, who, with visitors, their friends, all mess at one common table. On this occasion the dinner-party consisted of seventeen, the majority of whom, being inhabitants of the province, had generally that peculiar lassitude of manner about them, which I had remarked in the passengers by the steam-boat. They consumed the viands in silence, with an earnestness that betokened the sincerity of their appetites.

But although taciturnity was the prevalent characteristic of the company, I observed two

conspicuous exceptions: one of them, an old shrewd Scotchman, by his accent from Renfrewshire. Like all his countrymen of the same grade in station, he garnished his dry remarks with humour; liable at first to lead his auditors to undervalue their justness. I gathered, from a jocular conversation he was holding with the other gentleman, that he had been something of a radical in the old country, but that in coming to this, he had been converted, as he said himself, into more “rationality;”—a natural effect of Colonial circumstances, where persons in authority, being more on a par with the other inhabitants than those at home, are, in consequence, regarded with less respect, and their “phantastic tricks” spoken of with keener resentment, even when their conduct deserves more indulgent consideration. His heart was evidently in the old country; and from the feeling alluded to, he described the ascendant influences of the colony as of a far inferior kind to those which affected the condition of the people at home.

His friend was still more distinguished; one not easily described, without employing terms

and tropes of exaggeration. He had manifestly inherited from Nature some excess of drollery, and conscious of this, had himself a vivid enjoyment in overcharging even to caricature his own eccentricities, in order to witness their effect on others. In sooth, one of those—rare and few—whose companionship is always in request, and who contrive under rough, I would say shaggy manners, to have the gentle feelings, sometimes wanting where there is more apparent delicacy of behaviour.

His appearance was grotesque in the extreme; large and inclined to corpulency, his ruby visage, speckled with musquito bites, bore plentiful signs of a predilection for snuff; and when doing his part, though the innate man would sometime more mildly kithe, ludicrously emphatic. To describe him picturesquely, he was a burning volcano, red-headed and roaring.

While the ordinary guests remained at table, he was visibly acting; and even when they withdrew, which was immediately after the tablecloth, he still continued to indulge his diverting extravagance; but when, at last, only

his Scotch friend and myself remained, on learning that I was a new-come emigrant, he appeared a different individual, possessed of sagacious discernment and good practical knowledge; better acquainted with the country than any person I had yet met with, and fostering in himself absurd antipathies against the Celtic settlers.

“Deed, Doctor,” said his Renfrewshire neighbour, “I’ll no’ alloo that; the bodies are weel enough for Highlanders; among folks that wear kelts, ye canna expect to get breeks for the borrowing. Their wants were but few before they came to Canada, and if they get as good here as what they were used to among the hills and the heather—and they get far better—ye should no’ be so unreasonable as to expec’ the’ll be overly industrious anent improvement.”

“Yes, but I would not,” replied the Doctor, “let emigrants of the same sort of splendid propensities for dirt and indolence settle in clouds and blots; I would scatter and mix them. Card the Irish, and your own Paisley bodies, with the Highlanders, and ye’ll have a prosper-

ous settlement ; but if ye set a squad of either down by themselves, ye may as soon expect water *per se* to make itself grog, as them to do any good:—no; society never betters itself without new ingredients ;” and turning to me added, “ I would advise you, Sir, to look well to this, and not locate yourself where the settlers are all kith, kin, and kind.”

I then told him where I had pitched upon my land, and inquired if he knew the spot ; but the Deacon, as he called his friend interrupted him, saying—

“ Od, Doctor, that ’s where Robin Sneddan ’s gane ; they ’re a’ douce and weel doing there.”

“ But they are all cotton,” cried the Doctor ; “ they are all of a sort ; they just know that they need something to help them forward, but they cannot tell what it is. Had they but a boat’s crew of sailors among them, weavers as they are, they would thrive like a house on fire.”

The Doctor was obviously of opinion that friends and neighbours should not settle in community, but should mix themselves with strangers ; a notion so much at variance with my

preconceived notions, and so different from the common idea in England, that I begged he would explain himself more particularly.

“ I jealousy,” replied the Deacon, rather a little intrusively, “ that it’s an effec’ of their being a’ alike, Joke-fellows in ignorance, or, as a body may say—”

“ He’s a Paisley body,” said the Doctor aside to me ; but his friend, without being disconcerted, added,

“ The sleights needful to earn a living in the wood require different hands.”

“ None of your words of course, Deacon,” interrupted the Doctor ; “ it is not so easily explained as described. I only know, that where emigrants of different degrees and trades mingle, they do well, and every thing about them becomes promising ; but go to the Eastern district, there you shall see the Celtic savages as elegantly in the husk, as if they were still doing St. John Long on themselves among their native rocks. They sit all day in the sun, groaning to each other, “ Thank Got we are true clansmen, though we be in Canada, och hon, umph !” and he subjoined, I can

endure to look at the old people sticking fast in their prejudices, but the young sons of guns are abominations ; Ben Nevis and Ben Cruachan are as likely to grow up among them, to a moral certainty, as any good while they continue to do exclusive, as they have hitherto done.

We continued in this desultory conversation during the whole of the evening, and gleaned a number of hints, which convinced me, that I had underrated the privations to which I was about to expose my family ; on the whole, however, I collected, as it were, fresh motives to encourage my exertions, and yet I returned to Prescot perplexed and dismayed. Habit and education had, as Eric Pullicate alleged, unfitted me to contend successfully with the difficulties of a woodland life ; difficulties which the emigrant must resolutely nerve his spirit to encounter ; and thus, though I could discern no reason to regret the step I had taken in coming to the colony, I was quickened into anguish by reflecting on the sacrifice I had made—a sacrifice for my children, an elevating duty ! The advantages would be theirs, and this prospect was consoling ; but the strong impression I had re-

ceived of the toils to be endured, ever and anon reminded me that I had undertaken a laborious task late in life. In a word, when I rejoined Mrs. Corbet, she saw that I was troubled, and had the good sense, when I recounted my anxieties, to make light of them ; she was only however, in her ridicule, disguising her own fears. But to proceed.

CHAPTER III.

A MUTINY.

ON the second day after my return to Prescott, the boat with our luggage and the three Evelyns arrived ; and by the post of that day, I heard that the Glasgow emigrants had, after an uncommonly short passage, reached Quebec. Thus all my concerns were brought quickly to an agreeable issue. I had provided a suitable location in good time, and every thing promised so well, that I then chartered a schooner, belonging to the town of Dundas, at the head of Lake Ontario, to take my own family and the whole of the party, to the mouth of the Debit river, from which I was informed, that transportation to Nox, where our lots lay, would easily be effected.

But this arrangement, which with our means was the most eligible, had nearly been defeated by the emigrants from Glasgow; who, when they reached Cornwall, were enticed by some Americans to think of preferring the United States, and I was obliged myself to go to them; for Mr. Pullicate having informed me that they were all unexceptionable characters, and that several among them were young men possessed of more than a common share of talent, I was loth to let them pass from me.

I reached them just in time, for those who had yielded themselves to the persuasion of the Americans, and they were the very men to whom Mr. Pullicate had directed my chiefest attention, were assembled on the margin of the river, and waiting for a boat expected to ferry them across. The others were standing around, and their baggage, consisting of a miscellaneous collection of all sorts of household furniture, lay on the grass in readiness beside them.

The party, with their wives and children, consisted of thirty-one souls. The men, with only one exception, were in the vigour of life;

and the old man, who had two sons, was still a hale, sagacious carl, and, as one of the Americans said on observing me looking at him, "had ten years of a young man's might in him."

One of the emigrants having seen me in Glasgow, informed the others who I was; and James Peddie, the old man, whom they called captain, after speaking with a group of three or four apart, came towards me.

"We 're thinking, Sir," said he, "that maybe ye 'll no objec' to our going o'er the reever, although we took upon oursels wi' Mr. Pullicate a sort of an obligation, by word of mouth, to put our concerns in your hands."

I informed him that I could not possibly consider them as bound to me, longer than they found it their own interest to be so; but that before changing their original intention, they should make themselves better acquainted with the state of the two countries than they had yet an opportunity of doing.

"Your observe," replied Peddie, "is no far from being judicious; but these American gentlemen have behaved to us in the most

civileezed manner ; and we have a notion that we 'll make a better o't in their free country, than by living in the hot-water of a constant controversy here, like the other misgoverned inhabitants of Canada.

“ You are very right,” was my answer, “ to go where you will be happiest ; but you, a man come to years of discretion, should not hastily cast away one good chance before you are sure of another. I have fixed on locations for you all in the neighbourhood of my own, and I have received the best assurances that the township is pleasant, and well-watered ; moreover, I have a vessel hired at Prescott that will take us all within a day's easy journey of our land.”

“ Weel, that 's just as Mr. Pullicate assured us ye would to a certainty do. But we have left our native land, and ye canna but think that we hae a right to choose a better—and this gentleman has been telling us that every residenter in the States has the privilege of a hand in the Government, which, considering what we have suffered from the want of that at home, ye will alloo is a fine thing, and well worthy of

a consideration in an o'er-sea flitting, like what we're come upon ; over and above all, they tell us that work is rife among them, so that as we are but laborous men, our prospects are better in the States than we are well convinced they can be in this country."

I perceived it was of no use to argue with him, though he was regarded as the orator of the party. I saw, indeed, that he was leavened with the radical leaven, and like all those who are so, though not unplaussible, self-willed and witless at bottom ; so I turned round to his companions and said,

" I am sorry, men, to hear you have become unsettled in your purpose ; and that although the road be clear before you, and as good accommodation provided at the end of it as you could expect, better indeed than you had any reason to hope for, you will hazard yourselves in seeking for an unknown good. But permit me to say, as your friend, that you have it at all times in your power to go over to the United States ; and it would be more consonant to what I have heard of your general prudence, were you to make a trial of your original intention in coming to Canada, before going to the

States ; for if you go there first, and then come back here—”

“ We’ll have gone a gouk’s errand,” said one of the young men, a smart decisive fellow, about twenty-five years of age ; and taking his child from his wife, who was sitting on the grass with the baby in her lap, he added, “ Go who may to the American side, I have come to try this country, and Mr. Bogle Corbet speaks common sense.”

His example produced an immediate effect on the others. Those who had resolved to go with the Americans divided themselves presently into two parties, and some altercation took place between them. James Peddie urged the political advantages of preferring the States ; but Andrew Gimlet, the brisk carpenter, derided his argument, and finally succeeded in convincing all but the old radical that their first project was the wisest, especially as I had taken the trouble to look after them. During the altercation, the American boat arrived, and the two young Peddies embarked their own and their father’s luggage, while he, somewhat sullenly, bade his companions adieu.

“ We’ll hear of you in the newspapers,”

cried Gimlet, as the boat pushed off: "yon will be a prime speech that ye'll make in Congress some day!"

Afterwards, I had no farther difficulty; I returned by the stage to Prescott, appointing Gimlet the leader, on account of his native decisive shrewdness, and from a feeling of obligation to him for the manner in which he had ended what might have proved a vexatious business. They soon followed in the batteaux, and by the time that the schooner was ready to carry us to the Debit, they had all safely reached Prescott. But it is proper to be remarked, that although the pause and hesitation at Cornwall occasioned vexation at the time, it did not surprise me. I had been well warned to expect something of the sort, as a common occurrence among emigrants; altogether in consequence of there being no properly accredited officer to direct them when they reach those points and places where, by the previous effects of the voyage, and that undetermined state of mind common to all men on entering upon new scenes, they are most easily seduced to believe a fair tale.

CHAPTER IV.

CANADIAN SALMON-FISHING.

WE reached the mouth of the river Debit in the schooner without much difficulty. In our passage, the wind being off the Canada shore, we were enabled to keep close to the land, and it was interesting to observe with what avidity the eyes of all the emigrants were turned towards it. The general feeling was undoubtedly tinged with anxiety, but there was a willingness to encourage hope in every bosom, that on several occasions was even affecting. The few-and-far-between cultivated spots, seemed at times to have the effect of deepening the monotony of the woods; but whenever a column of smoke was discovered, the intensest watchfulness was directed towards

it, and if it ascended from a habitation, the children shouted with joy.

It is unnecessary to describe the conduct of my companions more particularly ; I do them only justice when I say it was marked by patience and good sense. But the women, forgetful that I was as ignorant of the country as themselves, annoyed me now and then with idle questions ; and Mrs. Corbet was molested in her reflections by the loss of a box of thread and needles, which she had brought on board in her own hand, but where she had laid it could not be discovered. However, it was found at last just as we came to anchor.

It was in the evening, so late that I considered it unwise to think of landing that night, our lodgings in the schooner being probably as good as we could expect to meet with on shore. In other respects we were in extreme good luck. It was then the salmon season, and vast numbers of fishermen and Indians, with boats and canoes, were assembled waiting till night-fall. As they had carts in attendance, I easily engaged several of these to take our luggage in the morning, to a tavern described to me

as situated on the border of Nox, and not more than seven miles distant from our main location.

The night proved exceedingly serene and beautiful, and when the fishermen lighted their torches and began to spear the salmon, it is impossible to conceive a livelier scene. The plunging of the spears into the water had something musical in the regularity with which it was performed, and the silent, animated attitudes in which the men stood, as they prepared to throw the spear, strongly illuminated by the glare of the torches, suggested fanciful ideas of bronze statues in a gallery, and magical transmutations into stone, of warriors in the action of battle. The banks of the river were also picturesquely brightened, and the different lights and shadows on the rugged land, ever changing as the torches moved, was often surprisingly curious in the different forms they evolved. At one time, by some accidental combination of the lights, the outline of a stupendous black cow was seen by all on board, to the infinite delight of the children; but while all were gazing, it seemed in an instant to fall on its

back, and its four legs took the shape of towers, and its body the masses of a feudal castle.

The remoter coast was studded here and there with fires of a broader brightness than the flickering of the fishers' torches; and an occasional voice, rising in shout or signal, with now and then the barking of a dog, combined to produce an excitement of pleasure, the more vivid as the circumstances were not only new, but heightened in their effect by the previous languor and longing experienced in the voyage.

I need not add that we all fared sumptuously at supper; the slaughter of the salmon was that night miraculous, amounting to many thousands, which in the morning enhanced the value of the carts and waggons, insomuch that I was compelled to pay double for those I had hired; we were, however, all in good spirits, and the emigrants, following the teams towards Nox, went on their way rejoicing.

I did not, however, immediately proceed with them, but allowed the main body to advance before my detachment, which consisted of my own family, with Mrs. Paddock and two of her

younger grandsons. One of the waggons was appropriated for their conveyance; and it was proposed to me by one of the fishermen, that as we were too numerous to be comfortable in the tavern, I ought to stop short of it, at a house and store which he described to me as likely to afford more eligible accommodation. Suggestions and hints of this kind are always deserving of attention, and in this case I was amply repaid; for we were not only hospitably received by Mr. Peabody, an American, but I found him disposed to sell his farm, which, although distant at least ten miles from my own land, was partly cleared and fenced, and the house was capable, by a little addition, of being rendered a suitable residence.

I was the more inclined to listen to his terms, as I felt at the time a strong reluctance to entering the wild forest. Accordingly, without fatiguing the reader with the details of our bargain, the farm was mine next day, and my family settled at once, far more happily than we had any reason to anticipate. I thought myself singularly fortunate in the purchase, and certainly I had not much reason afterwards to

repent of the haste with which it had been effected; but I found that, perhaps, I might otherwise have done better, and therefore I would advise other emigrants not to be quite so precipitate; for in this country local attachments scarcely exist, and there is not a farm that by a little judicious negotiation may not be obtained. Land in Canada is a commodity as vendible as any other merchandise; but we bring with us Old-World notions, and require to be some time in the country before we become properly sensible of the fact.

In one respect, also, I suffered some molestation in the purchase, which would have been avoided had I been less anxious to fix my home. Mr. Peabody had not been very prosperous as a store-keeper; he had incurred debts for which he was often annoyed, and had for some time meditated to shun them by retiring back to the States. Of this I was not, of course, aware, but on the contrary conceived that the alacrity with which he got the title-deeds prepared was altogether owing, as he professed, to his wish that I should feel myself settled.

But when the deeds were signed, and the

money paid, he suddenly—as the people in the country say—“cleared out,” and left the store unheeded behind him, which led me into some embarrassment with his creditors. In the end, however, after some little expense, I got free from the perplexity ; and, indeed, I was told by a neighbour, that I might have had no perplexity at all, if I had only maintained, which he said I easily could have done, that the goods in the store were part of the purchase. But I was not then aware of the true nature of occidental morality, and it was but fair that I should suffer for my ignorance.

CHAPTER V.

THE BUNDLE OF STICKS.

IN the mean time, while I was engaged with the transactions in which my purchase from Mr. Peabody had involved me, the Glasgow emigrants had proceeded to the tavern, and as a preliminary to determining the course of their future proceedings, I had authorized Andrew Gimlet to send out with country guides two or three of the men to explore a proper situation within my twelve hundred acres for a village.

Reflection on the effect and situation of towns in the old country, as well as the best information to be obtained respecting the system adopted by the Americans in settling their wild lands, has persuaded me, that the first effectual step

in colonization is to plant a village. The determination to commence by doing so had been fixed before my departure from England, and was known to the friends of Eric Pullicate, as my intention. Indeed, the plan is so obviously judicious, that two opinions cannot be entertained on the subject; for we see it is from towns in all countries that cultivation proceeds; and history, in describing the colonies of antiquity, distinctly shows that the first object was ever the choice of a proper site for a fortress or a city.

On the third day after our arrival at Sylvany, as the farm I had bought from Mr. Peabody was named, Andrew Gimlet with two companions came with an inviting description of a situation they had discovered on the banks of a considerable stream which crossed my property, but also with a representation on behalf of some of their associates, that they did not think the beginning with a village was so good as the practice of the country, where every man worked for himself on his own farm.

The vexation which this latter intelligence occasioned, counterbalanced all the satisfaction

which the former was calculated to inspire ; for I saw, if the party broke up, the prospect of general success would be darkened. Accordingly, after reflecting on the communication, I resolved at once to remonstrate with the malcontents.

We had only three miles to walk, but it was so late in the afternoon before I could set out, that I resolved not to return that evening, but to proceed next day on to the spot determined for the town. On reaching the tavern, I found the mutiny in a worse state than I could have imagined.

The society, on quitting Scotland, had agreed to live in community ; but the difference in opinion which had arisen as to the mode of settlement, had dissolved their connexion, so that before I reached the tavern they were already parcelling out their means. On seeing me, however, they suspended the task.

In front of the tavern a considerable space was cleared ; a few of the roots and stumps still deformed it, and the sign swinging on a mast stood in the centre of the space. After a few civil inquiries respecting their different families,

I collected the whole association, young and old, wives and mothers, around me, and told them of what I had been informed.

“Many of you,” said I, “must have heard the story of the old man and his sons with the bundle of sticks—apply it to your own case. If you separate in the wilderness, you will soon find yourselves as weak as each of the several sticks when the bundle was loosened—but if you adhere to each other, your united strength will effect far more with less effort than your utmost separate endeavours. In sickness, and in accident, you will have friends and helpmates at hand. You will be spared, while you continue together, from that sense of forlornness to which the solitary tenant of the forest is necessarily exposed, and which, as you must all have heard, is so dismal. Besides, by beginning with a town, you follow the course of Nature, but in scattering yourselves abroad in the forest, you become, as it were, banished men. You will take upon yourselves a penalty and suffering, such as only rejected culprits should endure. I beseech you to think well of this—a single family, the most numerous and strongest

among you, will be several days in constructing a permanent habitation. If the ague fall among you, what is to be done to provide the needful shelter for the sick? whereas, if you continue together, your united exertions will serve in a short time for the construction of an asylum for all, and your toil will be enlivened by society."

I soon perceived that in this short address, some effect was produced. The division of the goods was not renewed, and several of the gravest and most influential characters of the party consulted together, but no communication was made to me. The axes, nails, and spades, which I had purchased and brought from Montreal, laid aside from among their own things, lay undisturbed on the ground, and it was manifest that their minds were unsettled.

I kept myself aloof, both because I was vexed and angry with them, and because it would evidently have been imprudent, in the wavering temper of their inclinations, to have attempted to bias them farther. Andrew Gimlet, with his

friends, who had been of the exploring-party, were decidedly for my plan.

When about an hour had elapsed, the women separated themselves with their young children in their arms, and others at their feet, and held a convention of their own, in which, from the vehemence of their gestures, it was evident that their feelings were deeply interested. After they had deliberated some time, two of the most matronly came to me and inquired, on behoof of the others, in what way, if they scattered themselves, they would be supplied with provisions for their families.

My answer was very brief.

“ A plan was formed, by which, if you continued together, it would have been my duty to have seen that provisions and all necessaries were regularly supplied; but if each take his own way, and will do nothing for the common good, he must take also that duty for his family on himself.”

The two women looked at one another, and instead of making any answer to me, went back to the others, and immediately the meeting dis-

persed, and each wife went in quest of her husband.

“The wives have carried the day!” cried Gimlet; “the husbands have thought only of making property, the mothers of feeding their young.”

This simple and primitive scene, with the shrewd remark of the carpenter, laid open, if I may use the expression, the whole art of colonization—the planting of mankind—before me—and in the end, it proved that Gimlet had conjectured with sagacity, for the women convinced the men of the wisdom of keeping together, and working, as they said, under a head and government. During the night, however, no apparent change was visible, but at day-break in the morning, when I had fixed on going with Gimlet to inspect the site of the proposed town, I was met by all the emigrants assembled, with axes on their shoulders, and several of the bigger boys with spades, ready to accompany me. The intention of separating interests was abandoned, and I had the satisfaction to hear them declare that, with their scanty means, the original plan was still the best.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FOUNDING OF STOCKWELL.

AFTER we had felled the first tree, I proceeded pretty much according to the plan in which Mr. Lawrie Todd and his friend Mr. Hoskins did with Judeville; but our location was not so fortunate. Our stream less considerable, was more a continued rapid, and was no where broken by such cataracts as have so essentially contributed, by their favourable situation, to the prosperity of that town. But still there was enough of similarity between the two places, to enable me to profit by the hints I had received from that gentleman.

In fixing the site of the town, a curious omission seemed accidentally to take place; it was, however, on my part, predetermined. I gave

the town no name, although perfectly convinced that nothing conduces so much to the establishment of permanent ideas as that apparently trivial circumstance. I left the name to be given by the settlers themselves, and in the course of the day heard that they had fixed on one; both appropriate, as it referred to themselves, and agreeable to me, as applied to a new place. In Glasgow there is an old well-known street called "The Stockwell," and after various discussions among the emigrants, Andrew Gimlet came to me, and said, as the town had not been named, they would be gratified if I would let them call it "Stockwell," and thus it came to be so denominated; and so may be seen on the maps since published, especially on those of that intelligent body, to whom names have been among the most important topics of their wisest deliberations.

The location determined for the town of Stockwell was judiciously chosen. The stream, or river Slant, as it was named, encompassed three sides of the spot, and the opposite bank along which it flowed, without being so steep

as to impede cultivation, rose with a pleasant acclivity, that in some points was almost picturesque : I was greatly pleased with the choice.

Having given instructions to Gimlet to proceed immediately with the construction of a temporary house, in which all the emigrants could be accommodated, until proper dwellings were erected for themselves, I prepared to return to Sylvany, in the hope of reaching it at a convenient hour in the evening ; but while taking some refreshment before my departure, the skies became suddenly overcast, thick clouds obscured the sun, through which, and the gloom of the branches, he could at last hardly penetrate the embowered ailes of the woods. The wind had fallen calm, but the few birds that appeared in the forest, screamed and fluttered with alarm. A thunder-storm impended ; and to confess the truth, I was not displeased at its lowering, for it came at the most fortunate moment, to convince the malcontents of the helplessness of an individual when left to his own exertions, and how incalculable his power and ingenuity when combined with those of others.

The sullen gloom of the Heavens was so obvious in its intent, that I required but little argument to induce me to defer my journey, and at the suggestion of Gimlet, I directed all hands to unite their exertions in constructing a shanty to shelter themselves for the night ; but before we had half accomplished the work, the lightning began to glance, and from time to time at intervals, a long low moan, almost without any sensible wind, sounded through the forest.

But every man persevered in the task of piling bark and branches so as to make a shed, which might protect us from the inevitable rain that the guides warned us would speedily descend as a deluge. Our endeavours were not fruitless, while the lightning glanced through the trees, and far-off peals of thunder were heard only loud enough to be distinguished from the moan and rustle of the trees. The formation of the shanty went briskly on, but before it was completed, the rain in broad black blots began to fall, where the earth had been removed, and to smite upon the leaves with the sound of a solidity which indicated the

descent, as it were, of a heavier substance than the shower.

The rain fell faster, the lightnings darted with increasing javelins through the woods, and the thunder-claps neared closer and louder; while the wind, with abrupt blasts, blew out from time to time with violence and disorder. The trees roared as if in agony—their enormous arms and branches were torn off; a fire which the boys had kindled in front of the shanty intended for our shelter, was scattered as dust in March—and a sudden squall, plashy and raging, tossed in indignation, like withered leaves, all the boughs we had collected.

Wet to the skin, terrified for the trees falling that tossed their tops and tufts in something like distraction above us, every one stood shivering without speaking. At last I said to three of the malcontents who were standing near me,

“This would be pleasant to a single man with his family.”

They made no reply, but shook their heads, nor, indeed, had they much time, for at the very moment a distant noise was heard in the forest, hoarse, dreadful, and mighty; some cried

out a hurricane, others that the woods were on fire, while those of quicker ear exclaimed, a torrent. For a moment there was a movement as if every one intended to fly from the coming destruction, but the sound rose wilder and stronger around; all stood still,—where could they fly? It was coming with a vehemence that could not be outrun, and it sounded so universal, that it seemed to be rushing upon us everywhere.

From whatever cause arising, fire, water, or storm, I considered our destruction inevitable, and stood awaiting my doom, when suddenly it seemed to pause for a moment, and then gradually rolled its energies and fury from us, and was soon heard afar off. If a torrent, it had changed its course, and if a conflagration, it had been whelmed upon its own fires; as a tempest we thought it could not have spent its wrath so suddenly, but it was a mysterious and Almighty sound.

CHAPTER VII.

EMIGRANTS.

THE turbulent argument of the tempest effectually convinced the settlers, that the original design of keeping them in community until they had fixed a local habitation, was the best expedient that in their circumstances could be adopted. But the fault lay in their own nature, and could only be changed in its direction, not expunged. A constant yearning for something new in scene or occupation is peculiar to emigrants, whether industrious or dilatory. The same spur in the side which impels them from their native land, goads them wherever they go, and is the main cause of that restless irritation characteristic more or less of them all.

While the association were busy under An-

drew Gimlet in erecting the house of general shelter, all went on smoothly. The storm had silenced their crave for independence, they saw that without co-operation for some time they must incur hardships that might be lessened, and their patience and activity were commendable ; but when it was finished, and their families had removed into it, new objects began to attract their attention aside from their duty, and the management of them became a task of delicacy and address.

Several of the Glasgow men being artisans and crafts' men, Stockwell was intended chiefly for them, and those who might come after of the same kind. The town plot was divided into half acres, a moderate price set upon each, with the privilege of living in the shelter-house until their own should be finished, for which three months were allowed ; no money was expected to be paid for these lots, but they were to give me three days' labour in the week, computed at a certain rate of wages, the other three days was for their own purposes. Except in respect to the town, no part of the land was to be sold, but cross roads were to be made through it,

and it was to form them that I stipulated for their labour.

The first undertaking, after having provided shelter, was the opening of these roads, and the construction of separate houses for the emigrants themselves ; but they had not proceeded far in accomplishing either, when they proposed to work for me only two days. I represented to them the injury they would incur, as it would prolong the payment of their debt, and tend to increase it, by obliging them to provide for the additional day's living from their own means. But it was not until after some free altercation, that they again consented to adhere to the original plan. Indeed, no sooner was one proposal silenced, than another was ready at the back of it.

When their respective cottages in the village were about finished, which the irksomeness of living in community urged them to use the utmost diligence in doing, and when the roads were shaped out, the majority came in a body with a signed request to me, praying me to take the lots that had been chosen for them in other parts of the township, and give them

farms along my roads for them. To this I gave a decided negative; but it was evident, that although they submitted to the refusal, they considered themselves ill-used, and one of them had the modest absurdity to say, that after having so worked on the roads, they had surely a right to a preference.

“ It may be so,” said I; “ but the land is not for sale, and you have been paid for your labour.”

“ We’re no’ contesting that, Mr. Bogle Corbet,” replied one Angus M’Questein; “ but ye see it would be a convenience, and make us more obligated to you, if ye would just in a way consent.”

“ Angus, I thought you not wanting in common sense; when a weaver in the Gorbals, had you any right to the webs you were employed to work?”

“ But there’s a wide difference, Sir, between the Gorbals and this wild country, which was all ta’en from the Indians, who have the best right to the land, if any body has a right; and I am sure you would na go far ajee frae justice, if ye would think of our request.”

“ Depend upon ’t, Angus, I shall think of it, and the reasons ye have stated to make me comply ; for the King’s law is here as well as in the old country ; and I can assure you that I am as little disposed to indulge covetousness in Canada as I would have been in Glasgow, had you pretended such a right to any property of mine there.”

Altercations of this sort, as the work of the summer proceeded, and individual character became more prominent, were vexatiously frequent.

At first, when it was necessary to bring supplies from a distance, the sheltering-house was furnished in kind with whatever was requisite, and even after several families had retired to their own houses, the practice was continued to them. But as the place prospered, a store-keeper settled at Stockwell, and provided the different articles that he saw would be required ; in consequence it became the practice to give orders on his store, instead of the articles, and he from time to time rendered his accounts. These orders, however, the settlers soon cunningly discovered were as good as bank notes,

and it was ascertained that they were in the habit of exchanging them for articles different from those for which they were obtained. Beef was easily convertible into tea, and flour into spirits and sugar, till the increase of consumption in the necessaries led to an investigation. In a word, there is something in the emigrant's condition that makes his honesty flexible, and this, among their other ever-germinating wants and fancies, constitutes the difficulty of regulating them, even when they see it is for their own benefit.

When the roads were completed, I caused the men to be assembled, and inquired what they proposed to do next; but strange as it may seem, they had formed no plan. Accustomed to the superintendence of a master, it had never entered their heads to think of the future at all. Dependents of chance, they would probably have remained without reflection so long as their wants were supplied, and then they would have scattered themselves, as thoughtless of to-morrow as beasts and birds of prey when they have devoured the carcase.

I was grieved at the discovery of their help-

lessness ; it explained how so many emigrants fall into misery ; and it also demonstrated how imperative it has become, that Government should establish some law for their regulation. Thousands on thousands annually reach Canada, undirected and unprotected, with only their own separate small means ; for those who undertake to conduct them across the Atlantic are, in all that relates to settlement, as ignorant as themselves. When they reach their intended locations in the wood, many of them, in consequence, like the innocent babes, wander for a time up and down, and then die or stray away, they know not whither, and are heard of no more.

CHAPTER VIII.

MUTATION OF MANNERS AMONG
EMIGRANTS.

DURING the bright summer days our settlement prospered cheerily; for although the emigrants were continually hatching new projects which they imagined would be more advantageous than those they were engaged in executing, and certainly never allowed one entire week to pass without afflicting discussion, still, by firmly adhering to the predetermined plan, all went steadily forward. As the year, however, began to decline, and the weather became occasionally wet and broken, new sources of molestation began to open, and some of the men who had behaved with uniform propriety grew less tractable; nor were the women always

such amiable and enduring creatures as I could have wished.

The restraint which new scenes, new friends, and new vocations had imposed, began to wear off, and natural tempers and evil habitudes gradually resumed their former ascendancy. With the single exception of Andrew Gimlet the carpenter, not one of all Eric Pullicate's party improved upon acquaintance ; none of them, undoubtedly, deserved the name of bad characters, but the emigrant fyke,—if I may use a Scottish word which has no synonyme in English nearer than fidget,—was upon them, and every hour, if it could have admitted of representation, was with them only a time for complaint. It is the nature of all vulgar people to undervalue those little etiquettes which persons of a better station draw around them as a fence from intrusion, and it is, among other usages of the old country, one of the earliest disregarded by the emigrant in the new. Of this fact I had a very distinct perception, and was in consequence obliged to draw myself into a reserve, that to them was no doubt equally disagreeable ; but I have no idea that all toleration of

familiarity is to be conceded to inferiority of condition, and that they are to make no equivalent concession to good manners.

Things of that sort are little respected by the low, because such things are in themselves trifling; but it should be ever borne in mind, that the vulgar alone make them of importance. Indeed in all situations the mean and the ignorant are ever the most difficult to deal with. They rightly enough, perhaps, consider themselves as highly as those who are above them, but they do not sufficiently recollect that equality of condition does not, even in fashion, make equality of consideration. Distinction is in a great measure personal, and neither pretence nor artifice can establish the indescribable differences which constitute the essential grades of society. I dwell the more emphatically on this point, as I could perceive an unquestionable, perhaps unconscious endeavour, in all the emigrants, that we should be all alike, although every hour ought to have convinced them of the impossibility.

The first thing, however, which brought it to a close, was an instance that reflected credit

on the decision of Gimlet. He had contracted to complete a house for an incomer of some property, and made his arrangements for doing so with some of his companions; but scarcely had the work been commenced, when they began to interfere with him, and to claim as equal participators in the job. It was not an advantageous job, and the sacrifice cost him little. He knew, however, that they could not complete it very well without him.

“I agree,” said he, “since you think yourselves bothered by my will in it; we shall soon settle that; I will not drive another nail, and the work is your own. I wash my hands of it.”

Not thinking he was serious, and presuming a little on their own skill, they took him at his word, and were in consequence reduced to great trouble, and obliged to apply to me for assistance, for he refused to have any thing farther to do with them.

It thus happened, that in the fall of the year I had ample assurance of the business of emigration and settlement not being in the wild forest so easy, even with all appliances of skill

and talent, as I had supposed. Nothing however of a decisive description took place. Angus M'Questein only became a little more frequent in his visits, especially during the wet days, with offers of hints and suggestions; and just in proportion as he became troublesome, Andrew Gimlet rose in my estimation. No one at last ventured to take the slightest liberty with him; he cut short the most plausible stories at once, and drew around him all the most intelligent young men of his own degree in the settlement.

From contracting along with others for the construction of houses, he contracted only by himself, and before the end of September he had really become a person of some weight. Nothing could indeed be more interesting in the history of society than the rapidity with which that young man achieved his ascendancy, by decision alone; for in general capacity he was undoubtedly not superior, and others were far more ingenious. He was, however, a complete example of the distinction between the art of knowing how to do, and the art of knowing how to live.

But towards the end of September a great sickliness fell amongst us. Gimlet, as well as several others of our briskest men, were felled with the ague. I was myself, though not seized with so marked a malady, infected by some slow consuming disease, which, for at least two weeks, prostrated my strength, and took alike from my mind and muscles the energy of exertion. Every sort of effort became distasteful. I sought to be alone. I ruminated of the past, and with an imbecility that I often wondered at and despised, pondered as to the utility of all that we were so busily doing.

One thing only in that lassitude interested me: a house had been prepared in Stockwell for Mrs. Paddock, to which she had removed with her grandsons. It was, at my particular request, fitted up under the eye of Gimlet with particular neatness, and she was soon settled in it, more comfortably, as she said to myself, than she had ever hoped to be in this world; and yet the poor old woman was not happy. Of the conduct of the boys she had nothing to complain. Those of them who were able, proved active and cheerful, and the little ones were docile to her in-

structions ; but from time to time, under a well-disciplined resolution, she allowed little complaints to escape. Regrets of affection, and longings concerning the family of her second daughter, with her melancholy story, had the effect of greatly interesting Mrs. Corbet in her welfare ; my wife, in fact, became not only much attached to her, but on account of the vigour of character, and the proud and pure motives which had induced her to emigrate, formed a great esteem for her sentiments.

CHAPTER IX.

DEPRESSION.

THE year had not long entered October, when I was convinced that a residence in the forest should be established at an early period of life ; and I soon ceased to wonder at the cause wherefore, in old antiquity, men worshipped on the solitude of the mountain-tops, and in the solemnity of the groves, for I felt the admonition speak to my own heart. No language, nor the phrases of speech, can convey a just apprehension of what I would express ; but when in the morning I wandered forth alone, or in the noontide sat in the shadow of the trees, or in the evening watched the subsidence of sounds, and during the midnight contemplated the stars as faces in a great theatre ; I felt the true in-

significance of man, and scorned myself for the importance I attached to my own being.

I am no misanthropist, as the foregoing passages of my biography avouch, nor am I what I esteem worse, an adversary; for to be a misanthropist argues an unknown antipathy towards individuals, those who should have been your friends; but in the lonesomeness of the silent woods, a feeling has often been infused into me, at morning, noon, and evening, and at night, which has made me think myself hateful to my species, while I could only recall the remembrance of incidents that ought to have made them hateful to me. I would rather think ill of myself, as an exception, than suspect universal mankind.

But why should I thus speak of the world, wherein I have received so much indulgence, and merely because, perhaps, I may have been justified in feeling sentiments of resentment against individuals? To the general world I can have no antipathy; it has been always my generous and disinterested friend; when those particular persons, on whom I might have better accounted, showed themselves wanting, the

general world towards me has been ever kind. I rejoice that I have uniformly been towards it of that mind; but I regret, to have discerned, that individuals to whom I have surrendered confidence, have repaid me with ingratitude.

Somewhat cherishing sentiments of this kind, soft, but not acrimonious, I walked, while still indisposed, to visit Mrs. Paddock. The afternoon was calm, and the woods were glorious; peacefulness and kindness breathed around; not a casualty of air stirred a leaf—the springs seemed to rest in their pools; the flowers stood, as it were, in expectancy, and the woodpecker, only at long intervals, tapped, to ascertain and to accelerate the doom of the predestined tree; all around me suggested the gentlest topics of reflection—the yellow leaf and the fading flower warned me that the year was declining; the southward doves were passing from the northern cold winds; the colour of the foliage of the ungathered blackberries was changed; the pines were tinted with an ominous freshness, indicative of the declining season; and a few scattered blossoms on the shrubs, greeted the kindness of the autumn, as a

breathing of the spring. The grass under foot was green, but its verdure was of a fresher hue than tinges the blade of the early year; and the moss on the trunks of the fallen trees was as the reminiscence of something that had in its proper season been delightful. The very clouds in the blue firmament, as they were seen through the openings in the branches, had a sharp edge, as if opposed to acute winds; and the sunshine on the coloured leaves had not its wonted brilliancy, but glittered like a temporary splendour that would soon pass away. I saw a snake cross the path, but it moved slowly and languidly. All around betokened the crisis of the year—the pools of water had overlapped many a stone which had been in summer dry. I remarked also, across the road, the impression of the feet of quadrupeds that were not domestic animals, but the aloof and fierce denizens of Nature, which the coming blasts of winter were driving towards the social folds and habitations. A distinctness of outline, also, was impressed on every object, as if nature were willing that man should see her harshest con-

tour, and look on her condition as the leanness of age.

The wind, as I proceeded, grew witheringly cold in its breathing, and lost that mildness which was like its vernal temperature when the bud is bursting. There was, moreover, an ungenial dampness in its influences, that felt, as it were, averse to the growth, and life, and the possession of energy ; the chill of evening, and decay of winter and desolation, was in it, and the humid lustre on the leaf was as the sheen of an ineffectual tear. The very gossamer that hung on the wing of the breeze hesitated ; the acorn, as it dropped on the earth, fell with a boding sound ; and the pine of the fir-tree rustled through the branches in its falling, suggesting ideas of an emigrant that knows not where his lot is to be.

The contemplation of so many images, to which feeling lent sentiment and sadness, overpowered me as I walked along, and sitting down on the trunk of a fallen tree, I gave indulgence again to those depressing reveries with which I had been visited about the time of

Mrs. Busby's death. All the events of my past life rose as visions actually before me; characters became, as it were, unclosed, and the secrets of their hearts laid bare.

After indulging for some time in this unprofitable pensiveness, I proceeded to the old woman's little cottage. Four of the boys were sitting thoughtfully on the outside. The eldest was within, attending their grandmother, who, as they told me, was very unwell; and I felt an extreme and painful sense at the moment, as if some impending sorrow were at hand. The sight of the children, with the apprehension I entertained of the grandmother's state, was unspeakably distressing. They were, with the exception of the two elder boys, too young to be useful even in our new world; and it seemed to me as if they were themselves all affected by this mournful notion, for the older leant towards the younger with a pensive cheek. Only the youngest of all could be said to be insensible to the helplessness of his lot, for he was playing with a little dog they had brought with them from England. The dog itself had

almost a charitable conception of their desolate condition, for it was eager to attract the child's attention, and to play pranks with a straw, that it might not have time to reflect on its orphan condition.

CHAPTER X.

LAST WISHES.

THE group of the young and forlorn Evelyns rose when they saw me approaching, and one of them went softly and apprehensively to the door. I was struck with the caution which appeared in the manner of the boy. Before touching the latch he applied his ear to the key-hole, and then put his hand to the string, but did not pull it, for at that moment a voice, a few paces behind, hallooed.

On turning round I beheld my hospitable Highland landlord, Captain Campbell Dungan, hastening towards me. He had recently come from Scotland, and being on his way to the Western district, where some of his old friends had settled, hearing, as he passed along

Dundass road, of what was doing at Stockwell, he had come to see me. He had not heard that I had fixed my own residence at Sylvany, but understood that my home was at the new village.

I need not say that our meeting was cordial, and no accident could have happened at a better time. My own house was rather inconveniently distant, in the state of the paths through the woods, to allow me to watch with that constant and strict vigilance over the settlement, which every day rendered more necessary. Accordingly, our mutual greetings were scarcely over, when I said he had come at a fortunate moment, and hoped it was his intention to settle with us; adding, that we greatly stood in need of a magistrate, and a person accustomed to discipline, and the exercise of authority.

He was pleased that I should speak of him in that manner, from the slight knowledge I had of his character; but before I could say much more, Rupert Evelyn came out of the house towards me, and without speaking, looked at me so sadly and entreatingly, that I could not but ask what had happened.

“ Our grandmother,” said the lad, “ is very ill ; had you not come we would have sent for you—we fear she is dying.”

I was rather shocked than surprised at this, for I had observed her declining for some weeks, but so slowly that I had not apprehended such a sudden change ; I told the boy, however, that I would immediately see her, and requesting Captain Campbell to look at our improvements for a few minutes, followed him into the cottage.

The humble dwelling was in its accustomed orderliness ; a cheerful fire was burning, but the light of the afternoon was mitigated in the window by an apron hung before it, and on a bed opposite lay the old woman, startlingly emaciated. In health she was naturally pale and thin, but the disease had made her much more so ; and there was a glitter in her eyes, and a ghastliness about her mouth, that distressingly altered her appearance.

On seeing me she slowly lifted her hand, which lay listlessly on the coverlet, as if to hold it out, but its weight was too great for

her feebleness, and she dropped it before I could reach the bed-side.

The boy placed her own chair for me near the couch ; she had, indeed, but one ; luxuries of that kind were not then common in Stockwell ; stools made of blocks of wood were the ordinary seats.

I sat down without speaking. The glitter in her eyes dissolved into tears, and after a short time she appeared somewhat revived.

“ I am glad you have come,” said she, “ for my time, I fear, is drawing to a close, and I only wished to have the satisfaction to hear from yourself that you would be God’s agent to my helpless children. I have bespoken his grace for them, and have received an assurance in my spirit that He will not desert them when I am gone, though his displeasure against sin burns to the third and fourth generation.”

There was something which struck me as peculiarly Presbyterian in the expression, and, indeed, on more than one occasion I had previously observed that her piety was essentially so. I made, however, no remark, as she had

plainly something of importance to communicate.

“ I have only in this charge to let you know a little more than you have yet heard of who we are. Of Mr. Purl I need say little; you will, I am sure, not take it a trouble to write him when the Lord’s will is done, and commend me to his wife and family, with my love and blessing.”

She paused and seemed slightly agitated, but her serenity soon returned, and she continued—

“ You know our pride, and what has brought us to Canada, but, perhaps, you know not—I wonder why I am always loth to tell you?—that my mother was a Highland lady, of high blood and ancient pedigree. She married my father, a young officer, when he was quartered at Inverary about the time when the old King came to the crown, and as he was poor—for he was one of several sons of a Yorkshire clergyman—her grand friends were displeased with the match, and cast her off. Soon after my father’s regiment was disbanded; he had then only his small half-pay, and they soon fell into deep

poverty, by which his heart was broken. It is the mystery of Providence, 'that I was born in grief and nursed with tears.' But bear with me a little longer, I will not keep you long."

I was too seriously interested in her melancholy story to be impatient.

"Yes," said she, "it is all of sorrows. How my mother was able, unassisted, to bring me up for nine years, she lived not long enough to relate; but after her death at that age, the parish officers of Therlstone, the village where we resided, procured a situation for me with a sickly lady, with whom I lived upwards of ten years, when I was married to Henry Paddock, the son of a neighbouring farmer. Of his worth I cannot speak; we were happy for five years, and I was left a widow with my two daughters. Perhaps, Sir, if you could find out my mother's relations, they might help these blameless boys. It is an old tale, but so long a time may have softened their hearts."

I readily promised to do what I could, but with such slight materials I could not hope to accomplish much. She could give me no clue—they were far off in another land, and

all she recollected concerning them, was a faint reminiscence of her mother's, about a fine castle in the Highlands, and that her kinsman was a clansman of the Duke of Argyle.

Pity for her situation restrained me from explaining the wide meaning of the word, and I assured her that no endeavour on my part would be wanting to render her orphan boys all the service in my power to give.

Her exertion in telling her little tale impaired her strength, but it had relieved her mind, and she felt that her last duty in life was done.

“ I am weary,” said she, “ but satisfied. I can do no more now, and would fain that I was asleep.”

After a short pause, she closed her eyes, and fell into a slumber. One of the wives of the settlers, a quiet, managing person, was then procured to attend her, and the necessary instructions being given, I left the cottage, and rejoined Captain Campbell, scarcely expecting that next day she would be alive; indeed, I was so persuaded that she would not, that I spoke to Andrew Gimlet respecting her funeral.

The helplessness of her grandsons, especially of the little ones, seemed to impose upon me a duty for which I was none prepared, and I felt almost in a humour to repine that I had not considered the hazard of her death before, and the forlorn condition into which the event would plunge them. But the more I reflected on this melancholy circumstance, I derived renewed strength of mind, for it seemed so like a pre-ordered dispensation, that I prepared myself to encounter it with equanimity, whatever the troubles might be that it was calculated to entail.

CHAPTER XI.

MISCELLANIES.

AS I returned from Stockwell to Sylvany with Dungowan, our conversation was chiefly regarding the progress of the settlement. I said but little to him on the condition of Mrs. Paddock; I did not even mention her name, but simply that I had been detained by the sick woman, and that I did not expect she would survive the night.

In reverting again to what I had mentioned to him jocularly, of my wish that he would fix near me, and that there was still a large space of Nox not yet located, he observed, that being a bachelor, he was not much inclined to embark in any business, and that, in fact, his coming to Canada was because

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his little income would not only go farther, he was told, than in Scotland, but also because several of his old regimental friends were settled in the province. He had, in fact, merely come as a visitor to see me, and had no particular object in view; but still the concerns of the settlement furnished topics for conversation as we rode on together, and I was indebted to him for a judicious suggestion, that I afterwards carried into effect. It was accidental and unpremeditated; but the state of my mind at the time seized with avidity every hint that seemed likely to be useful.

“Your plan,” said he, “of giving the young man Gimlet a superintending authority, is right and proper; but you will find that a quieter order of society can only be secured by making a greater number of officers. You must not only have a captain, but subalterns, serjeants, and corporals; and if you will give me leave, I shall so organize them. The advantage of an arrangement of this kind can only be appreciated by those who have seen it in the army, and compared its effects with

the misrule and confusion which arise among the same men, when relieved by the accidents of war from the restraints of discipline."

"But," I replied, "we cannot enforce our orders with the same precision that may be done in a regiment."

"No, certainly not; nor does the case require it; but make your people sensible that degrees are beneficial, and that trusts are honourable, and you will soon see that they will of their own accord fall into the system, and become ambitious of honours."

From this conversation, I was induced to try the experiment which I soon after adopted, and by which a stricter morality was established among the settlers than they were disposed of themselves to practise; for those intrusted with authority felt a responsibility that made them more observant both of their own conduct and that of their neighbours; and it produced an effect on them all; not perhaps so strong as the reciprocal obligations of the original terms of the association which they had formed before leaving Glasgow, though similar in effect. But I am anticipating the result of following

his advice, in alluding to this ; my narrative the reader will, perhaps, think more interesting.

On reaching Sylvany, before alighting from our horses, I remarked to him that we were somewhat like the inhabitants of the Highlands, more hospitably inclined than well accommodated. In an instant I perceived that I had said too much, for he reddened ; but to do him justice, not as if he had been offended—he was only a little out of countenance, and I regretted inwardly, my remark.

Captain Campbell was, however, too much a man of the world not immediately to see his own weakness, for he almost instantly laughed.

“ I believe, on my conscience,” said he, “ that a vain pride is as indigenious among the Highlanders as pepper in Ceylon. Here am I blushing like a girl on recollecting that I could not entertain you at Dungowan as I wished, the very cause which has sent myself here ; but an old campaigner should have more of the even veteran mind.”

“ In truth, Dungowan, the troubles of the emigrant chiefly proceed from his habitual feel-

ings. If with our native country we could throw off former habits, there is no such difference, I suspect, between countries, as to make the change from one to another a matter of much importance—at least, it is not equal to a change of condition among our friends.”

“Very true, for more of my old friends reside in Edinburgh than in Canada, and it is only a narrow income that has driven me over the sea. The general body of emigrants may come in quest of employment; but it is always some contest with fortune, that forces elderly gentlemen into the bush: pride is the spur to emigration among all such.”

“You speak as a man of the world,” said I, “who has not inspected the motives of mankind with a heedless eye. That poor old dying woman, who detained me so long from you, is upwards of sixty years of age—a grandmother—and her story illustrates the justness of your observation. But let us come into the house, and we shall have a better opportunity for discussing the subject after supper; we are some-

what later than usual, and my wife will be impatient."

After supper, as we were chatting over our troubles, I related to him something of the proud spirit and strong affections of Mrs. Paddock, with which he seemed to be singularly interested, but made no remark. A sentiment of delicacy prevented me from saying any thing particular of her story; indeed, I had determined with Mrs. Corbet that we should never mention it at all, although we both thought that she was paying too great a price in her emigration, to escape what could only be described as the effect of an innocent misfortune.

"Don't you think, Captain," said Mrs. Corbet to our guest, observing the impression which the story had made upon him, "that it was a hasty submission to a feeling that reason and prudence ought to have controlled?"

"No!" replied Dungowan, gathering his brows and pursing his mouth, "No!—Do you know her history? though I don't think many

Englishwomen would show such resolution, yet it would not surprise me in a Scotch or Irish woman, above all, in a Highlander."

Mrs. Corbet was on the point of disclosing all, but seeing me knit my brows, desisted, adding, however,

"We live in a queer world; for my part I never could understand the use of such feelings; or why a brave man puts his head in the cannon's mouth, which I think is a very imprudent thing; 'tis making a brag of bravery to do so. As for poor Mrs. Paddock, no person that ever saw her would think she had the strength of a windlestraw; and I have seen men as pliant as grass compared with her—Mr. Bogle Corbet, for example."

"I beg," exclaimed I, "that you will not make an example of me."

"Poo, poo!" was the answer, "I was only going to say that you think the old woman a nonesuch, and that if you cannot persuade Captain Campbell she is so, without disclosing her story, it is not far from being revealed."

"Then it is something extraordinary?" said the Captain.

“I’m a sworn deceiver, as every woman is, that dare not speak what she is forbidden,” exclaimed Mrs. Corbet, laughing; “but, Captain, we shall see what a day will bring forth;” so, with aimless talk of that kind, we closed the evening.

CHAPTER XII.

ANXIETIES.

AT a premature hour in the morning the family were disturbed by a clamorous knocking at the door; Mrs. Corbet, who was always on the alert, and had a constant fear of a wooden house on fire before her eyes, was the first who heard the summons. She sprang from bed; up went the window, out went her head, and, with a shrill and eager voice, she inquired who was there?

The voice of Horace Evelyn, the eldest grandson of Mrs. Paddock, replied—

The afflicted old woman, in the course of the night, had, in the opinion of the nurse, rallied her strength, and required only cordials to be soon afoot again.

The intelligence gave the whole of my household great joy. Every one was soon astir; the lad was admitted—bottles of port wine and of brandy, together with various sorts of condiments and medicines, were put in requisition. Every one, young and old, was in as much activity as if a lord had broken his leg, and we were all country surgeons summoned to attend him.

After the required medicaments were provided, Mrs. Corbet recollected, and she was the first to do so, that the lad had ridden on what she called an uneasy lame horse from Stockwell, nearly ten miles, that morning, and ought not to be allowed to return so far without his breakfast. Accordingly all the needfuls were immediately gathered together, breakfast ordered, and the whole of my domestic economy thrown into hurry and jeopardy.

Dungowan hearing the noise in the house, dressed himself, and coming down stairs, when informed of the cause, greatly commended the alacrity of my wife, who with a just discretion doubled her activity, and consequently did half as little effectual business as she was doing

before he had flattered or fluttered her with his compliments. However, breakfast was in time most untimeously prepared, and before allowing Horace to return to Stockwell, we insisted that he should take care of number one.

I am not sure, however, that in all the bustle he occasioned we were quite so debonair as I am at this moment ; but Captain Campbell said he never had seen a house in greater friendliness and confusion in his life, which my wife told me was one of the handsomest compliments ever paid to her.

“It may be so, Urseline,” said I, “but I do not discern its applicability.”

This afforded her an opportunity to make some remarks on my particularity, which I do assure the reader did not apply to the matter in hand. However, after the hubbub, all things were placed in order, and Dungowan, with Horace Evelyn, were seated to partake.

The meal was dispatched in the usual manner ; Mrs. Corbet had many things to say, the Captain none—on the contrary, he was sad and

silent. I imagined he was disturbed by the accident, but my wife, of course, was of a different opinion. He looked, however, with compassion often at poor Horace, and Mrs. Corbet surprised my ear by whispering that she thought he would do something for the poor boy.

I whispered back that I hoped it might be so, but I had never heard of such freaks among Highland gentlemen, who, in proportion to their affection for their own kith and kin, have but little kindness to spare for the common offspring of Adam.

Nevertheless, certain it is that Dungowan evinced a thoughtful regard for Horace, and when the breakfast equipage was removed, and the boy was on the road again with the cordials to Stockwell, he said to my wife, that the sight of the lad greatly disturbed him.

"He is the very portrait, the living effigy," said he, "of my brother Haimesh, who was drowned in going to the Largs fair, in the year I joined the 42nd Regiment."

"That is," rejoined Mrs. Corbet, "to be

sure, most extraordinary : and your brother was then going to the Largs Fair?—monstrous ! Why did your brother drown himself ?”

“ He was drowned by the boat upsetting,” replied the Captain dryly ; and turning round to me, added, “ there never was such a likeness.”

“ He may be your relation ?” cried Mrs. Corbet, forgetting herself the injunction she had laid me under, not to mention the story of poor Mrs. Paddock ;—I scowled, but it was too late.

Dungowan looked for a moment aghast, and then said, “ I beg, Madam, if you know any thing of the old lady’s story, that you will inform me,—strange ! that you should say he may be my relation !”

“ Oh, never mind what I say,” was her answer, “ they were only words of course. How is it possible that he can be related to you ?”

“ I know not,” replied the Captain sedately ; “ but I have some cause that justifies me in asking the information.”

“ Then, Sir, I can give you no satisfaction,” was her answer, “ but if Bogle Corbet chooses,

he may say something. It would, however, be as well if he kept his promise."

"The fancy," replied the Captain, "that the boy's resemblance has inspired is very wonderful. It may be accidental, but we do not think lightly of such things in the Highlands; ancestral likenesses are often renewed after the third and fourth generation: I would give something to know the history of that boy?"

Mrs. Corbet was in the act of lifting some of the tea-things when he said this, but she shook her head at me, and even made a show of screwing her mouth, as if I had made the disclosure—a most unjust gesture, for, if any one was to blame in the business, the reader can well discern who.

At last the Captain exclaimed, "This is very extraordinary; I am exceedingly excited, I have never in my life been more so. The boy is my brother, and yet it is forty years since he was drowned on the Largs shore."

"Then he cannot be your brother," replied Mrs. Corbet, "for he is not much above seventeen. That's a fact poz."

"It is so," cried the Captain; "it is so; and

yet I have a reason for thinking as I do. Mr. Bogle Corbet, with your leave, and my own horse's, I shall ride back to Stockwell." I at once consented to accompany him, and we prepared for the journey.

CHAPTER XIII.

EVASIONS.

WHILE the horses were getting ready, we remained chatting in the parlour together, Mrs. Corbet doing all in her power, unconsciously, to stimulate the Captain's mind, believing that she was employing the most dexterous means to turn his curiosity aside. Fortunately I had not told her of the disclosure which the old woman had made of her family the day before, or it would, by the address she was so knowingly exercising, have been brought out by a side wind, while the wish not to say more respecting the Evelyns than was absolutely necessary, made me shy of taking a part in their conversation.

"It was, indeed," said my wife, "a most

unaccountable thing for a woman like Mrs. Paddock, who ought at her time of life to have been prudent and sensible, to think of coming to such a place as Canada. I have, however, my suspicions that Mr. Bogle Corbet was himself partly to blame, for there, where he sits, he is a fanciful man ; but, to be sure, there was something in her story most romantic."

" Indeed !" replied Dungowan thoughtfully, " I greatly thirst to know it—what was her husband ?"

" That 's a judicious question, Captain," replied Mrs. Corbet, " but we have never yet heard ; we were all so interested about the boys that we never thought of inquiring."

" Was their case so extraordinary ?"

Mrs. Corbet, sensible that she was heedlessly going too far, hedged off with considerable ingenuity, saying,

" Every case you know, Sir, is extraordinary of its own kind ; and perhaps if you knew all, you would not think this one a miracle. It troubles us in the most pitiful manner, and was the cause of our inviting Mrs. Paddock to come over in our ship. She is, I can assure you, a

most respectable woman, and has a principle of pride and piety about her that places her high above every one of her condition that I have ever seen. Poor woman—to endure such anguish for nineteen years !”

“ Why, the youngest boy, I should think, is not yet four ?” replied the Captain.

“ Alas ! their misfortune happened before they were born.”

“ You speak mystically, Madam ; is there any reason why it should be concealed ?”

“ None whatever ; it was no fault of either her’s or the boys, who are all delicious creatures.”

“ Delicious, my dear !” said I, glancing critically at her.

“ Well, well, what signifies a word ? but Bogle Corbet you are a particular man.—I was saying, Captain Campbell, that though there was no reason for their coming to Canada, yet they had a cause.”

“ What could it be, Madam ? you cannot imagine how every word you have uttered has been a bullet in my bosom.”

“ I am grieved, Sir, to hear that, but I do

not wonder, for the tale of the Evelyns is like a novel, especially concerning their motive for coming here, and I like the boys for their pride."

"You surprise me; why are they so proud? Their father and mother, I presume, are both dead."

"You may divine that, else why would they be here with their grandmother only?"

"I guessed as much; but yon boy is so like my brother—it is a miracle."

"I hope in the Highlands you believe in miracles?" said Mrs. Corbet, a little nonplused, for at this predicament of her discourse I threw all my energies into a frown, to induce her to desist from her idle talk, and she certainly did it in a way I was not exactly prepared.

"For you know," said she, "if there were no miracles, how could the world have been created? and as my father used to tell his old friend Mr. Moth, if the world had not been created, man would have been an inert embryo, which I understand is a thing next to nothing at all."

I looked at her again fervently, and scowled. "Mrs. Corbet, Captain Campbell neither knew your father nor Mr. Moth."

"That is no reason," said she with a complacent self-sufficient smile, "why he should not believe in miracles; but I saw one myself, being an agate-stone that bore the very picture, as natural as life, of Cleopatra, with an adder at her breast."

"I have no doubt," cried I, "you were well acquainted with her Egyptian Majesty, and thereby able to verify the truth of the miracle."

"But," said Dungowan, interposing abruptly, "the misfortune you allude to, my dear Madam, happened to the father of the Evelyns?"

"The father was no better than he ought to have been," replied Mrs. Corbet. "It was the mother that was to be pitied; and yet she deserved none; poor Mrs. Paddock had to pay for all."

"Failures are very common," said the Captain coolly, "and often fall heaviest on friends."

"But this failure was in breaking the Ten Commandments, Sir."

"Did he steal?" said Dungowan, lowering

his voice, and looking warily around; adding emphatically, "A mean crime! but that boy's look—it has brought to mind old recollections and older stories."

At this juncture notice was brought in that the horses were ready, and the Captain, with an air of perplexity, followed the servant. I was on the point of doing the same, when my wife, touching me on the arm, said in a whisper,

"Stop, now, Bogle Corbet; have respect to poor Mrs. Paddock's feelings, and tell him nothing about the Evelyns. I was really terrified several times that you were coming out with it all."

To an admonition so just I could make no answer, but rejoining Dungowan, we proceeded to Stockwell. Scarcely, however, had we left the house, when he observed to me, still retaining that anxiety of countenance which the effect of his conversation with Mrs. Corbet had produced,

"I have, as it were, been startled at the appearance of the boy; my curiosity is exceed-

ingly excited by what your lady has been telling me."

"My wife," said I, "talks loosely, and makes more of a simple matter, by affecting mystery, than is quite correct."

I then told him so much of what Mrs. Paddock had mentioned of her own story as she had herself related, but I explained nothing concerning the Evelyns. He listened attentively, never once opened his lips, and when I had ended, it surprised me that for some time after he should still continue silent: at last he remarked,

"I cannot trace the connexion."

The words inadvertently escaped him, but they immediately suggested to me that he was thinking, possibly, of some relationship between Mrs. Paddock and himself, as her mother had been of his clan; but the conjecture seemed wild; so many years had passed since her marriage, and he was himself well advanced in life, though of a later generation.

With his rumination and taciturnity, our ride was necessarily dull, but occasionally a

brief interjection escaped from him by which I inferred the current of his reflections.

“I would give a good deal that it were true,” said he.

As the expression was uttered in soliloquy, I took no notice of it; but he soon after added,

“And to meet in Canada!”

“Of whom do you speak, Dungowan?”

He started on his saddle as if he had been suddenly awakened, and cried abruptly—

“What is the story of these Evelyns?”

There was a gentlemanly deportment about the Captain, with a strong natural marking of Celtic pride, and therefore, though it was contrary to my wife’s injunction, I yet, after explaining the motives by which we were actuated in suppressing the condition of their birth, told him their history. Judge, however, of my astonishment, when I perceived it produced a very different effect from what I had expected; for my thoughts anticipated some agreeable *dénouement*. He looked eagerly and anxious at me for a moment, and then slackening his bridle, rode briskly forward till

stopped by the trunk of a tree lying across the path: when he had passed it, I observed his countenance had lost its earnest expression, and we began to talk of various topics—the result of an obvious endeavour, on his part, to avoid reverting to Mrs. Paddock and her grandsons.

CHAPTER XIV.

EMBARRASSMENT.

DURING the remainder of our ride to Stockwell his silence plainly proceeded from thoughtfulness ; but he so managed himself as to appear easy in mind, and not exploring any vein of thought. He passed from subject to subject, seemingly in no humour to investigate any ; and yet it soon became apparent that Mrs. Paddock and her flock occupied his imagination. I cannot give a livelier picture of his manner, than by sketching the tenour of his conversation, and the way in which he insensibly threw out, as it were in passing, a casual remark ; like the saunterer on the roadside, who, in heedless rumination, snatches a leaf or a flower.

“ I don’t know,” said he, “ how I shall like this country ; the green hills of Dungowan were more agreeable, after all, to my taste, than these wild and interminable woods.”

“ I trust you do not begin to weary already.”

“ No ; but there is little to interest one here ; the eventless histories of settler and every day alike. By the bye, that old lady you were telling me of, must be something like a new army-list or an almanack to you.”

Contrasted with the interest he had previously taken in her story, this jangled on my hearing like affectation ; it struck me, indeed, as much more so than the manner in which he disclosed himself on his own island, when our acquaintanceship commenced ; but he pursued the thought no farther, adding, however, as if in sequence to the sense,

“ Land is still here so much of a commodity, that no one seems to buy for an income, but only to sell again.”

“ Yes, and that is what will make the province one day less British-like than even the United States ; the country is laid out into so many small and detached parcels.”

“ I know not how it happens,” he resumed, after a short pause, “ that I sometimes grudge to see the sheep where kilted warriors were of old—my long sojourn in the world should have quenched my clannish romance, but there are follies in the blood, as well as diseases—I think you said, Mrs. Paddock was related to the Duke of Argyle.”

“ She told me so ; but you know better than I do, the limitless degrees of kin reckoned in the Highlands. My long residence in England has made me callous to connexions of that sort ; and according to tradition, all the clan Campbell are related to each other.”

“ It was an excellent adjunct to military subordination,” said he ; “ kinsmen standing in battle, shoulder to shoulder, they could not but be brave—these long reaches of cousinships, however, have their inconveniences too. Blood disgraced, is not easily cleansed.”

I happened to glance at him accidentally, as he uttered the last clause of the sentence, and on my eye catching his, he looked away as if to shun it. A little disconcerted, I drew back ; for there was an air of general good

sense about him, as well as a gentlemanly demeanour, that naturally repelled scrutiny. In this the Highlanders are all remarkable, especially those who have earned a knowledge of the world by their eyes and ears in the military profession. I only wondered why Dungowan should have been only a captain; for he had both the talent and tact befitting a higher officer.

When we had proceeded in silence about a furlong, he looked round and said,

“It is to be regretted that their uncle will do nothing for them.”

Though I knew to whom he alluded, by his other incidental observations, I affected not to understand him.

“The Evelyns,” replied he; “that boy has really greatly interested my attention. Had I met him in the forest alone, I would have sworn that I had seen my brother’s ghost.”

“Was there any thing particular in the history of your brother that has caused this deep impression?”

“It was not him, but young Evelyn who has impressed me—What would I give to have

such trees as these at Dungowan ! I remember when the growing timber on the Duke's estates was valued at a million sterling.—Did Mrs. Paddock never say where her mother came from ?”

“ I did not ask : indeed I scarcely at the time expected she would survive the disclosure ; but I hope when we see her, as she is now better, you will be able to satisfy yourself.”

“ Oh I don't know, poor thing, that I shall trouble her ; why should I ?”

“ You best know—I thought you were come on purpose to see her.”

“ True, but you had not then told me of the bastardy : I imagine she must, though a Campbell, have been but lowly connected. It is curious how we should all in the Highlands have such an inclination for heirs of our own blood.”

“ Did you think her grandchildren were your kinsmen ?”

He smiled, but with an address mingled in it that struck me, saying, “ They are, you know, come of the same clan.”

With this dislocated kind of conversation,

the greater part of the way, however, in silence, we reached the half dozen houses called Stockwell, when the younger Evelyn, on seeing me approach, came joyfully forward, to tell me that their grandmother was again better. During the two or three minutes I stood speaking to them, I observed Dungowan eyeing them inquisitively, and when I touched my horse, to move to the shelter-house where we intended to put up, I asked if he had discovered any more of the boys resembling his brother.

“No,” was his abrupt reply; and then recollecting himself, he added, “they are smart boys,” and he relapsed again into his taciturnity: we had not however alighted many minutes, when he remarked:

“Certainly, there is some resemblance among them all, but as the old woman does not wish their stain to be known, it will be as well not to trouble her with any questions; it is a blot which cannot be effaced.”

“But it cannot,” was my answer, somewhat chagrined, I know not wherefore, “detract from their own merits. The old woman is no common-place character, and the children de-

serve more than all the care she can bestow on them."

"They think less of these things in England, than in the Highlands," was his dry reply.

"And less perhaps here than there," I rejoined.

A pause again ensued, and I moved towards Mrs. Paddock's house.

"I shall walk about," said he with affected indifference, "till you have seen how she is."

This decision surprised me, for it was given in so firm a tone as to render remonstrance needless. It seemed indeed odd that he should have requested me to come with him so hastily from home, and then after our arrival to falter so in his purpose. However, I made no remark, but seeing Andrew Gimlet coming up, I requested him to show the Captain what we had been about, and to explain the schemes projected until I could return.

On passing towards Mrs. Paddock's, I chanced to look behind, and saw that he had not proceeded far with Gimlet. They had separated, and were walking in opposite directions; the carpenter in his usual disengaged manner, but

Dungowan's air was thoughtful, and he carried his whip over his right shoulder, in the style of an officer bearing his sword. He was passing on towards the uncleared forest, his pace was slow and heavy, and it was impossible, even at the distance of a hundred yards, to avoid being impressed with his absent appearance, and yet at all times there was a cast of abstraction about him, although in conversation no man could be more self-possessed, or occasionally look more intelligent.

CHAPTER XV.

CONFUSION.

MYSTERY is infectious. I felt myself curiously perplexed. I knew not what to make of Dungowan's behaviour, and when I reached the cottage door, absolutely paused before pulling the latch, so much had I been put out of sorts.

When I entered, the nurse had raised the invalid in the bed, and though evidently greatly better, there was a worn and cadaverous appearance in her countenance strikingly ghastly.

I took a seat immediately beside her, and she turned her head saying, though still with a trembling and feeble voice,

“I am better, and able once more to express my obligations to you, and it will give you

pleasure to hear, that in the woman who assists me, I have found one who will look to the boys, if it be the will of Providence to remove me."

The woman in the mean time was busy about some domestic concern at the fire-side, and it struck me that she was altered in her appearance. I apprehended at first that she was ill, but was not long left to conjecture with what malady. The cordials my wife had sent were doing their duty. In a word, without being grossly intoxicated, her senses were disconcerted, a circumstance which gave me inexpressible pain ; I said, however, nothing, but Mrs. Paddock observing her, began to weep at the ruin which she feared would inevitably scatter and injure her flock. I consoled her, however, with the strongest assurances that they should not be neglected, and that another nurse would be obtained before I left the settlement, desiring, at the same time, the unfortunate person to retire. But no sooner had she passed the threshold, than seeing Captain Campbell, whom she had known in Scotland, she gave a shrill joyful yell, and ran towards him.

The humour he had been in all the morning was not calculated to acknowledge her gratulations acceptable, and he pushed her from him.

“’Deed, Captain Cammel,” she exclaimed, “I tak this ill off your hands, me that has been sitting up a night, and doing a duty to your dying cousin that’s taking her departal in the house to Abraham’s bosom.”

I was within the door, though not observed by Dungowan, and he stood full before me. Never did I witness such an instantaneous flash of consternation overspread the human countenance, as the blood darted into his face at that moment. He looked vacantly around, and in a hurried voice demanded what she meant.

“She’s just your ain cousin—she’s been telling me wha she is, Captain Cammell, and I hae promised to tak gude care of the bairns when her auld head’s aneath the ground. Her mother was full sister to your father Major Cammell of Dungowan, as I have often afor heard the story. ’Deed it’s as sure’s death, so gang ye in and comfort her; for I doot, I doot her time’s at hand, poor frail creature; heh, Sirs,

and to think she 's no' ordained to be in a Kirk-yard, like a Christian. Oh, Captain Cammell, ye'll hae muckle to answer for, if ye alloo her to be laid aneath a tree, your own flesh and blood, like a malefactor."

"Peace, fool!" cried Dungowan, his cheeks as pale as his shirt, his limbs trembling, and his lips quivering; "can this be true?"

"True," yelled the woman, "true! wha says it's no' true? wasn't it told me in the confidentials of a dying saint? I would like to ken wha dare say it's no' true? They hae a stock o' impudence. But gang in, Captain Cammel, for she's a wee recruited with the port o' port, and ye'll hear a' the outs and inns o't from her own blessed lips, that but for my guidance would now hae been cold in the clay."

The appearance of Dungowan was beyond description; and the effect on myself was such, that I durst not venture to appear in the daylight; while the unhappy old woman cried aloud, "Stop her!" which the other no sooner heard, than turning suddenly round, she came rushing to the door, crying,

"Oh, Mrs. Paddock, for the sake of men

and brethren, dinna exert yoursel'—I ha'e just been preparing your frien', Captain Cammell, in a far-off jenty way, for your paternoster, anent his aunty, that was sib, my word! to the Duke of Argyle. Compose yoursel', sweet Mrs. Paddock—Oh dear! oh dear! but I am a weak woman!—and this agitation! who could have thought that Captain Cammell would drop out of the lift here in the very nick of time. But it's an almons frae the hand o' Providence, that giveth and spareth not. Oh, Sir, Mr. Bogle Corbet, would ye take down from the shelf a-hint the door that brandy-bottle, and gie me a glass? Oh dear, oh dear, but I'm a flustered woman, and if I winna tak' it, gar my tak' it."

I could suffer no more; but pulling the absurd and offensive person, who by this time had sat down, from the seat on which I had been previously myself sitting, drew her out of the house.

"In the name of all that's good," cried Dungowan, when he saw me; "what tale has this wretched creature been telling me?"

"I can only partly conjecture; but Mrs.

Paddock appears so much better, that I hope she will be able to tell you all herself. It is an extraordinary meeting, and at such a crisis ; had she died last night, the discovery might never have been made."

" I knew," said he, " the moment I saw the boy, that there must be some relationship between us, but I had not anticipated exactly this."

" Say not, however," was my answer, " any thing respecting the children, unless their grandmother tells you herself."

" I need no injunction ; but I trust she has not disclosed to that odious woman, the secret of their bastardy."

At this we were about entering the door, when Mrs. Clavering, the nurse, whose intoxication had increased, following us softly, put her head between our shoulders, and burst into a most obstreperous laugh, crying,

" Nae secrets, Captain Cammell—nae secrets, Mr. Bogle Corbet—I'll no' alloo't—I'll ne'er consent—tell the truth, and shame the evil one,"—and changing her tone, she began to weep, crying, " Oh, this is an altered house !—

this is the house of mourning, sackcloth, and ashes!—Mrs. Paddock, how are ye noo, how are ye noo? Oh, dear! and are ye no' dead yet?"

At these words, Horace Evelyn came behind her, and drew her back with great vehemence; and her husband, one of the Glasgow emigrants, hearing her cries, came forward, and took her away. He was a sedate, well-conducted man, and treated her, as he led her off, with great gentleness; making, in a restrained voice, only a brief observation to me, to the effect that it was ~~an~~ ^{an} old failing, and little did the mischief; but he had hoped in this country she would be far from temptation, and might overcome her infirmity in time.

It was a wise dispensation, thought I, that such a person has been placed in your custody; for he was the most quiet and patient of all the emigrants, and, in these respects, an example beyond praise. But his virtue was only constitutional; for of activity, industry, and well-directed endeavour, he was, to

a proverb, totally destitute ; and only tolerated in the settlement on account of his wife, who notwithstanding her occasional failing, was one of the most motherly luckies we had, and a howdie besides.

CHAPTER XVI.

A WET DAY.

DURING the hubbub described in the preceding chapter, Dungowan went into the house and shut the door; no one followed, and he remained with his cousin Mrs. Paddock some time, in the course of which she fully explained to him her own situation, and those of the boys.

I was apprehensive that the inconvenience occasioned by the ludicrous interference of Mrs. Clavering, would have had an injurious effect on her weakness, but it proved otherwise; she felt renovated strength. The truth is, that from the period of her removal from our house to her own cottage in Stockwell, she had become gradually depressed in mind, and there was more of intellectual despondency in her

malady, than of physical disease. The disturbance had in consequence the effect of rousing her, and when I saw her after her explanations with Dungowan, she surprised me by the healthy tone of her spirits.

Partaking in some degree of her resolution of character, it was determined between her and the Captain, that the blemish in the birth of the children should be concealed. Nothing required its disclosure, and she had not alluded to it fortunately to the nurse. In so far therefore, an incident that would have materially affected the comfort of both, might be considered suppressed ; and it was in the course of the day arranged, that the Captain should fix his location near Sylvany, and that she should take the management of his house, and superintend the Evelyns, who were also to live with them.

With the exception of this little affair, which took place late in the autumn while I was arranging for closing the summer work, and sending the emigrants on to the chopping of their own land as it is called, meaning the felling of the trees, and the clearing of the soil for culti-

vation, no occurrence of any remarkable kind happened; but the weather was then broken, and interspersed with such deadly wet days, that all out-door labour was necessarily suspended. Whether my old habits of reverie and rumination were coming back, I know not; I was not conscious of it—but my wife thought she discerned symptoms, and exerted herself, as she said, “to scare away the vapours.” Some of the expedients to which she had recourse, were exceedingly simple, often absurd; but the end and drift of all was to keep me in motion, and the house was accordingly bravely thrown into what I felt a state of the most vexatious distraction.

The courteous reader may smile at hearing this, but he should recall to mind that a deluge is pouring out-of-doors, that our habitation is framed of thin deals, and that the slightest noise in it is heard throughout. No moving object is visible from the windows, save the boughs and branches of the forest occasionally shaken by the wind; even the wind itself is as it were cowering from the rain, and like the poultry spreading yawningly its idle wing.

The smoke from the chimney-top of the wash-house hangs like a wreath of mist lazily on the roof. The pools overflow before the door, and are trenching the path into channels like the ruts of waggon wheels: ducks and geese, each standing single-legged, eye the unceasing shower, and the turkeys melancholy in the shed, utter now and then brief sentences of sound, the apophthegms of dripping dejection.

Our view, not extensive, is circumscribed by the woods; not another dwelling is in sight, nor for several miles accessible; no post brings even an afflicting letter. The newspaper of last week has been already read all over, advertisements and all, a score of times. The faculties of the mind are relaxed; not a book is worth reading. It requires fine weather, a frosty night, and a bright fire, to discover the genius of Shakspeare. Our hearth is piled with splintering pine, and it would be cruel to make the servant look for better in the wood-shed on such a night as this. The children quarrel, they know not wherefore; Mrs. Corbet has a box not opened till to-day since we left London; moths may have got into the clothes, its

contents are spread abroad, and sure enough a mouse has made a nest in the corner, and has three young ones—all is deplorable. I sit by the fire thinking unutterable things, and saying to myself, this is life, and the pleasure of mine for all my days,—heigh ho !

But it is in vain to attempt any adequate description of the drouze that falls upon the senses of an emigrant during the soaking days of the decline of the first year's residence in the woods.

The contrast between London and the country would at any time, in dull weather, have tried my equanimity, but the low spirits to which I have for so many years been occasionally subject, make me sensitive to all the dismal influences of the wilderness.

On such a day, about ten days or a fortnight after the affair which brought Dungowan and his venerable cousin into a proper understanding in so accidental a manner, I was sitting in the afternoon quietly by myself, having beseeched Mrs. Corbet to spare me from the din and turmoil in which she was keeping all the house astir. For some time, the pro-

spect before me, both to the eye and the mind, was equally disconsolate, but at last the rain began to abate, and although I had no raven to send forth, I yet opened the window, and, stretching out my hand like another Noah, found the waters assuaged. The skies, which had all the time of the deluge been of one uniform grey, began to curdle into clouds, and lo ! at last, the blue welkin was seen in two or three places, and at last a gleam of sunshine sprinkled itself over the topmost boughs of the neighbouring woods.

This long desired change gave a new impulse to my spirits, and I ordered my horse to ride out before night ; but the ground was so saturated with wet, that the newly trodden out road was impassable. The horse plunged and struggled with me for two or three hundred yards from the house, and at last stood still. It would have been a moral sin to have urged him to proceed farther, so I alighted and led him with some difficulty back to the stable ; where having given him to our hewer of wood, the man we were obliged to employ to cut up our fuel, I picked my steps into the house, and

resumed my seat at the window, where I had been previously sitting, thinking of nothing at all, save only an observation which my wife made on seeing me return.

“ I fear, Bogle Corbet,” said she, “ that you do not feel comfortable ?”

Such a question after what I had suffered, surely was quite needless ; and to confess the truth, I answered her tartly, expressing my astonishment at her making it. But she only laughed at me, and bade me amuse myself with my own sulks till she disturbed me. This was intolerable, and although it was but an example of her careless dialect, it certainly did not tend to soothe my humour, so I sat down at the window and looked out, closing, as I may thus describe it, a wet day in the woods, alike incapable of exercising the faculties of imagination, memory, or reflection.

CHAPTER XVII.

VISITORS.

IT may be thought that the dulness of a wet day, considering how many such happen in life, especially in Great Britain, is not so extraordinary as to require any particular description. It may be so, but I, who can describe it correctly, especially a wet day in a hollow clearing, amidst the aborigines of a primeval forest, well know, feel, and understand that it is an occurrence near akin to a calamity.

However, the particular dreary day to which I have alluded, was not in the evening unmarked by an event. I was looking out at the prospect before me, displayed by the chequered twilight, when on the road, coming towards the house, I beheld an elderly man and a stripling.

Judging by the time that I had observed the rain suspend its violence, I conjectured they had come from some habitation in which they had taken shelter. But wherefore they should come to my house, puzzled me not a little, especially as it was apart from the direct road which led by the tavern to Stockwell.

As years deserve honour, my attention was chiefly attracted to the senior of the two. He appeared to be about my own age, stooped a little in his gait, was rather better dressed than emigrants or settlers are in general, and had, in a word, the guise and bearing of a gentleman, and yet was not gentlemanly. I saw him from a distance, I noted this peculiarity, and it occurred to me that in his style, mien, and carriage he was not unsimilar to some one that I had known before.

His companion was a mere lad, smart and of the character of an attendant. They walked parallel, but yet the lad kept aloof, as it seemed to me, and in his deportment there was an obvious deference, but from the familiarity of the equality in which they came together, it

was obvious that the deference did not greatly affect his mind.

“Who are these,” said I to my wife, “coming after such a day to seek lodging for the night here? They must have been storm-steaded somewhere on the road, and no doubt hope to find our house a stage.—Can they be accommodated?”

“You think too quickly, Bogle,” said she; “let us hear first what they want: to lodge them for the night may not be impossible; but to lodge every one is—Let us see what they are?”

She then approached the window, and leaning her arm on my shoulder, looked out.

“For the gentleman,” she soon after observed, “I’ll make no guess—he’s a stranger to me—but as far as a decent appearance goes, he’s, um, em—well, we have done worse in our day than lodge the like. But his servant is a curiosity.”

“How do you know he is his servant?”

“He touches his hat when he speaks to him; and by that sign I’m sure he’s an English

lad—Goodness me! are my eyes fellows? it is that affliction, our old boy Sam!”

True enough it was he; but scarcely had I recovered from the surprise, when I perceived in his apparent master, my old partner, Mr. Possy, from Glasgow.

“I’ll be terrified out of my senses,” exclaimed Mrs. Corbet, “if Sam comes here, for assuredly he’ll set the house on fire.”

“I know not in what manner to receive the fool,” cried I, alluding to Possy, all my old and painful recollections reviving.

By this time they had come so near to the house, that we had no question on the subject; but we at the same time, without retiring from the window, saw Dungowan a little behind in their wake, and Rupert Evelyn, the second of Mrs. Paddock’s grandsons.

“We can help but two,” said Mrs. Corbet; “the others must ride on to the tavern.”

In perplexity I made no reply, but turning from the window to the fireside, said, with more indifference than I felt,

“I leave the whole affair to yourself, Ursey,—you know best how to manage it.”

“There it is!” was the thankless exclamation for the compliment; “whenever you are confounded, you make a cat’s-paw of me. I’ll away to my own room, and take the headache; but we cannot send poor Sam into the woods; and as for Rupy Evelyn, he’s a discreet boy, and can make his bed with the dog, were it necessary. But for Possy, that I have heard you talk so ill of, if it was not all scandal that you said, the moon should be his bed-room light before I would—”

A great shout in the house from the children, at this juncture, announced the arrival of Sam, and before Mrs. Corbet could finish her sentence, he was ushered into the parlour by them all with joy and gratulation. Mr. Possy followed by himself, looking a little shamefaced.

Many years had passed since I had seen him, and many vicissitudes had happened to myself, but I forgot them all, and starting up, received him with welcome and cordiality. My wife, though at the time engaged with the children, and with their favourite Sam, gazed at me over her shoulder; and afterwards she

took occasion to tell me, that I was a silly Nathaniel for my civility, but nevertheless she received him kindly.

Scarcely was this reception well over when the Captain and his cousin came in. But his Celtic consternation was smitten with paralysis when the children announced to Rupert the arrival of Sam, to whom the history of all the Evelyns was well known, as the Captain instantly perceived. I saw the cloud that fell on his countenance, and instantly suspected the cause; Mrs. Corbet was seized also with the same suspicion, and for a minute or two it is impossible to describe the embarrassed air of the four elders; I induced, however, the children to retire, and my own gets, exulting in having got back the ingenious Sam, immediately obeyed, but Rupert Evelyn stood back and comported himself in the scene with reserve, as if resolved that he should know Sam no more.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A DISCOVERY.

BY this time I was sensible of a curious change incrusting, if I may say, my mind ; no doubt an effect of our sequestration in the forest. Every little occurrence, which in other circumstances would have passed unheeded, became important ; the very accidents which occasionally moved our domestic economy took the character of events, and often drew deeper on the resources of our reason and ingenuity, than things which in other days were truly important. In the same manner, remote transactions lost their interest : in proportion to their distance they became indistinct, and seemed to occupy no larger space in the mind, however consequential, than nearer trifles.

Thus it happened, that the arrival in one night of so many persons appeared a confluence of events in our fortune, and perhaps, all things considered, the apparition, as it may be called, of Mr. Possy, partook of the extraordinary.

From the dissolution of our co-partnery he had suffered, as he said, a great variety of ups and downs.

“But,” said he, “I have nevertheless still adhered to my natural line of business, and therefore, though I have realized nothing, yet ye see by this continuance I am in the way to do so, whenever a chance casts up.”

“A just remark, Mr. Possy, but you were always distinguished for foresight and prudence,” replied I, with a slight mental sneer.

“To the best of my capacity I have ever been so, and no man can do more than the power of his nature allows. Ah, Mr. Bogle Corbet, had you but followed my sober courses, we would both have been topping men; but the will of Providence cannot be withstood—and so here we are.”

“And what has brought you here, Mr. Possy?”

“ A three-masted ship from Greenock to Quebec, a real prime sailer—we had nine and ten knots a-day out of her; a most pleasant passage we had, and her name was the Bailie Jarvie.”

“ I don’t mean the conveyance, but the business.”

“ Oh, did you mean the business! well, what a mis-apropos that was of me. Ye see things have been slack some time, and as I had debts in Quebec, and not being very consolidate in my health, I was advised to take a trip, and try to make a collection; so in doing this, I could not but come and see the Falls of Niagara; and hearing of you, I thought that I could do no less, for old friendship, than pay you a visit.”

“ I am sure, Mr. Pessy, I could not have expected so much from your regard. Then you have no intention of settling in Canada?”

“ None in the world; this is not a right country for all sorts of talents; mine, as you well know, are of the warehouse kind: my turn is to manufactures, and ye have had some experience, that though I may have marrows

at that, it's nae brag to say I'll pit myself with any superior in the trade."

"Game-cocks, Mr. Possy, have always a good opinion of themselves—I see you are still the old man."

"And so I intend to live and die; for, Mr. Bogle Corbet, when a man has gotten a character like me, it would reflect but little credit on his understanding, were he to shift with every wind of doctrine. To be sure, you could not help it, and far am I for hinting a blame."

To interrupt this meaningless jargon, I turned the discourse to the condition of our old friends, and among others to Eric Pullicate.

"He is, indeed," replied Mr. Possy, "a miracle of a man; for my part I never could see any thing but good-luck about him, to which all fools are liable. But he's now a most rich man, and, in our Glasgow talk, a wise one, so that his notions are looked up to by many. But really, Mr. Bogle Corbet, I have little commerce with him, for, with all her grandeur, as Mrs. Possy judiciously says of his wife, every body knows what she was, and

she's ay ettling at genteelity, but a leddy she'll never be; she's as incurable in that as a clubby-foot, which is made by the hand of God."

In this random manner Mr. Possy continued to chatter till he had sickened me. In the mean time Dungowan was holding a confidential conversation apart with Mrs. Corbet, the burthen of which, as she afterwards told me, was a doubt he had about acknowledging his relationship to the Evelyns. During the wet days I had discussed this over and over again with her, until we had both convinced ourselves that there was only a vain phantasy in the whole affair, and that it should be allowed to pass with as little notice as possible; but at this moment a shout and scream arose from the children in another room.

"What can these bastards be about?" exclaimed Mrs. Corbet rising, meaning her own sons as well as the others; but the word was paralyzing to Dungowan, who threw himself back in his chair, having just at that moment told her that he was disposed to leave the Evelyns to themselves, rather than incur the mortifica-

tion of their birth being discovered. It was, however, too late, the discovery was already made.

Sam, with his usual quickness, having discerned something of the cause of Rupert Evelyn's reserve, and knowing how sensitive the family were on the subject, had accused him of assuming a sullenness towards him that he had no right to do. Out of this an altercation arose, in which Sam proclaimed the bastardy. Rupert struck him, a fight ensued, and the whole house was in consequence informed of the secret, to the insupportable humiliation of Dungowan. The servants told the other settlers, and in the course of four-and-twenty hours, the cause and motive of Mrs. Paddock and her grandsons' coming from England, was blazed all over the settlement, as if it had been something momentous.

Such was about the mightiest affair and busiest night we had in the whole course of the first autumn, and the result was commensurate to the cause.

Mr. Possy next morning pursued his route to the Falls of Niagara, and Dungowan, with

Rupert Evelyn, returned to Stockwell, bearing his misfortune with more meekness than I expected. His only observation respecting it to me, was the hardship of having our feelings grated by the misconduct of friends. It is thus that evils in prospect ever loom larger than when encountered and examined.

As for Sam, he domiciled himself at once amongst us—he had, indeed, come on purpose from England to do so; but his account of the business, both as characteristic of the boy himself, and the easy state into which every thing about my household was gradually settling, deserves a more particular rehearsal. It was not, however, till after the departure of Mr. Possy, that I thought of speaking to him on the subject; for somehow Mrs. Corbet as well as myself, from seeing them come together, had imagined that Sam was his servant, and the oddness of that circumstance had attracted our attention after we had retired to our bed-room, as even a still more surprising coincidence than the accident which had brought Dungowan and Mrs. Paddock together. No doubt, in any circumstances, two such events were calculated to

surprise, and, in the rumourless solitudes of the woods, where every thing has space and time to make the fullest impression, they could not but engage our imaginations as miracles of more than nine days' wonder. Yet our situation, where such things are of inconceivable magnitude, is not without events, which would elsewhere beggar them into insignificance, as I shall hereafter have occasion to notice ; but in the mean time the adventures of Sam claim consideration.

CHAPTER XIX.

EXPERIMENTS.

WHEN Mr. Possy left us, Sam happened to come into the parlour, and on observing him, I said,

“How is it that you have not gone with your master?”

“He was not my master, Sir.”

“Not your’s!” exclaimed Mrs. Corbet; “and what brought you over the sea?”

“I came in a ship.”

“No doubt: but with whom did you come?”

“There were sixteen of us, besides passengers, six pigs, two sheep, a cow, and other creatures, with lots of rats.”

Perceiving something like evasion in this

answer, I reprimanded him, and requested the whole truth.

“Well then, Sir,—I thought one day, that I would come, and so I spoke to the ship’s captain at the London Docks, and he consented to bring me, if I would help in the cabin, which I could not refuse; so I got to Quebec, and I have come hither by an unaccountable chance.”

“And what do you intend to do?”

“Whatever you please, Sir.”

“Will you set fire to our house again?” cried my wife.

“It was not me that did it.”

“No! who then?”

“It was the flax, Ma’am.”

“But you kindled it?”

“I had only the light in my hand,—a candle’s a game thing with flax.”

“Well; but why have you come to this country, and what do you propose to do for yourself?”

“I don’t know. I’ll be guided by you, Sir.”

“Then, am I to understand you have sought us out?”

“ I could not help it.”

“ But, Sam, we have no occasion for you in the house—we require a man—our work is heavy.”

“ I am growing every day stronger. I am stronger than Rupert Evelyn, and he has three younger brothers. If they can work in the woods, why should not I ; I am as willing as any of them.”

“ If you can find employment.”

“ And, Sir, will you not employ me ?”

“ Had you remained a year or two longer among your friends, it would have been better.”

“ I have no friends.”

“ But though you have lost your parents, you had still your grandmother.”

“ She cannot help herself, Sir.”

“ What said she to this wildgoose chase ?”

“ Nothing, Sir ; what could an old woman say but be angry ?”

I need describe, however, our conversation no farther. The boy, after being discharged by me, had been in several places, where, according to his own account, he was restless, ever

thinking of us, till he determined to seek us out in America.

As he was naturally sharp and sagacious, although design had little to do with his adventure, I could not but acknowledge to myself that he had accidentally chosen wisely; instead, however, of being a mere domestic, it would have been greatly better for him, had he been acquainted with some slight knowledge of a useful trade. And I beg the attention of the courteous reader to the remark, for although obvious, it is one not apt to occur to the mind, till suggested on the spot, by taking an interest in the concerns of those to whose case it may apply.

I do not mean that all young persons who come to the Colonies should be fully instructed in any trade; but were emigration conducted on proper principles, instead of encouraging the helpless to come abroad, and then leaving them to shift for themselves, I would have them prospectively prepared by some instruction in handicrafts. It is the want of it, as I had by this time seen, that makes the privations

of the woods greater than they would otherwise be.

The severity of wet and wintry weather obliges labour to be from time to time suspended ; on such occasions, were the settler possessed of any faculty of trade, he would employ himself better than in the way the mere labourer commonly passes his time. Our Colonies are peopled on too lax a system—a system indeed so bad, that it might almost justify the supposition that Government, in permitting it to remain unaltered, practised some occult policy to repress the progress of improvement. Certain it is, that in the course of my early observations, I saw an obvious tendency in the state of things in Canada to favour a relapse into barbarity. And nothing is less disputable than that the backwoods-men of the United States have declined from the civilization of their progenitors.—However, to return.

Had Sam come earlier he would probably have perplexed me ; but arriving in the fall of the year, and when I had somewhat ripened in my conceptions of systematic colonization, the

incident was agreeable. The attachment of the boy to the family pleased us all, and his alacrity of mind and experimental disposition strengthened his claim to our regard; but it would neither have benefited himself nor my own sons to have made him again a domestic inmate,—I therefore resolved to make him the subject of a course of education, such as I thought most likely to prove advantageous to himself.

Accordingly, having investigated the different vocations of the Glasgow emigrants who were settled at and around Stockwell, I arranged that Sam should attend a blacksmith, a carpenter, and a tailor, alternately, twice in each week during the winter, to acquire some knowledge of their respective trades. When the labour in the spring recommenced on my farm, he was employed on it. Sunday was regularly set apart for intellectual instruction.

Were a course of instruction similar to this instituted for intending emigrants before leaving England, the benefits would materially mitigate their situation afterwards in the forest. In this case the experiment has had the most

beneficial consequences, and, indeed, to such a degree, that Dungowan, although not particularly susceptible of impressions from civil affairs, saw them so clearly, that he has placed the three elder Evelyns in the same course of practical tuition ; next year I propose to do as much with my eldest son, who will then be old enough ; as for Sam, his natural ability has made him already in many respects so expert, that we begin to wonder what we should have done without him.

It may be observed on this plan, that it differs little from teaching an apprentice at home, but I conceive the distinction is widely different. Apprenticeship in England instructs the novice to acquire a trade for a livelihood, but this system only furnishes aids to other pursuits ; dexterity or refinement is not the main object of the study, so much as a competency of practical knowledge which may be brought into use when requisite. It is to the settler in the woods, what the art of the accountant is to the borough artisan, auxiliary to his business.

But in thus deviating into the palpable mysteries of political economy, I am forgetting

the more immediate subject of my task. For although the regular tone of my mind may be said to have been renewed before the middle of the first winter, by the excitement of various occupations, still occurrences now and then took place in the little society of Stockwell, which, however, ordinary in themselves, were of vast importance to those who had so few topics otherwise to engage their attention.

CHAPTER XX.

THE FIRST WINTER.

THE winter during our first season was extremely mild : we had, it is true, several days of intense cold, and paroxysms of wind and hail, that merited, for their violence, the epithet of storms and tempests ; but when the autumnal broken weather was again knit-up, we were surprised at the softness and tranquillity of the winter. It was certainly more temperate than the climate of England ; even when the cold in the shadow of the trees and buildings was severest, the dryness of the air made it much less sensible than we had prepared ourselves to experience.

Agreeably to my predetermined plan, on the first of November I suspended for the winter

all the outdoor labour on my own lands, and sent the emigrants to their's; but the system, from the inattention of some, the self-opiniatedness of others, and a general disposition to postpone their work from day to day, convinced me that my troubles were only commencing. Novelty, no doubt, was an influential ingredient in preserving the sobriety with which our first tasks were executed; something was also due to the feeling of strangeness that existed for a considerable time; but as familiarity increased, discipline became flexible, so that long before the winter was over, it was found that the advantages of reciprocal civility were not enough to restrain the heats and spurts of individual peculiarity. But, on the whole, the plan worked onward, and I had the satisfaction to perceive, that although the progress was not regular, the forthcoming would not be disappointment.

I met, however, with an occurrence that vexed me more than other important things. As soon as the work on my lands was suspended, Andrew Gimlet, whom I have mentioned as a clever and decisive person for his education

and station in life, and whom I had from the first employed as a sort of foreman, applied for a few days' leave of absence, to visit other parts of the province, and to make an excursion to Buffalo, in the State of New York.

He did not disguise the object of his journey, but told me that the work at Stockwell was not exactly of the kind for which he could be best rewarded, and that instead of becoming, according to his first intention, an agricultural settler, he was led, from many accounts, to believe that he should do better by resuming his own business as a house-carpenter—and the result was as might have been foreseen. He came back, but it was only to remove his wife and child into the State of New York. He found there more constancy of employment than he saw any chance of obtaining in the province, and with the promptitude of his character he resolved to quit the woods, and risk his fortune in some of the New American villages.

The loss of this able and intelligent young man was a misfortune to us all, for it comprehended not only himself, but had the effect

of drawing others to follow him, insomuch that, by the middle of February, every one of Mr. Pullicate's association, conscious of being able to do any effectual good for himself, had quitted the settlement, so that although not deserted, I yet felt myself less in power than I had any cause to apprehend.

The vexation which this occasioned was soon, however, alleviated; a better class of settlers began to come around me—persons capable of purchasing the lands and improvements of those, who, with the restlessness inherent in the emigrant's mind, had become uneasy in their locations. Altogether the first winter was far from passing happily. It was chequered with daily small occurrences, not singly in themselves deserving of consideration, but, collectively, serious inroads on comfort. My wife called them flies and mosquitoes; they were at once so numerous and incessant in their annoyance.

Much, doubtless, of what we suffered, should have been regarded as incidental to our new situation, and might have been obviated by more minute inquiries; but they were of a kind

respecting which inquiry is seldom instituted, and without a hint never made.

For example, as early as the spring appeared to biggen in the bud, the milk of our cows began to have both the disagreeable odour and taste of onions; at last it became so strong that we found ourselves compelled to abstain from the use of it in disgust. This, it may be thought, was only a trifling molestation; but milk, both simply and in its various preparations, is so essential an article in rural economy, that trifling as it may seem, it greatly deteriorated our enjoyments, and furnished to us, who were so sterile in topics, a wearisome subject of complaint at every meal.

Town-bred people are certainly, of all others, the least fitted to endure with complacency the vicissitudes and privations of a forest-life; and this we experienced to an acute degree. Our stores, from the habit of trusting for easy supplies to the shops, sometimes were allowed to become exhausted; once, I recollect, we were a fortnight without tea, while the milk was in that polluted state--a positive calamity, and

the more afflicting, as it was the effect of unpardonable negligence. But it is not easy to convey a correct notion of the plague of such things, and yet it is from them that the least remarkable, but the greatest annoyances, in the forest-wilderness, arise. Usage may reconcile us to bear them, and experience render our town habits more conformable to their occurrence; but still they belong to misfortune, and partake of its corrosive qualities, and sometimes they even amount to the minor miseries.

Not being competent judges of the rapid consumption of wood fuel, our stock became exhausted. This ought to have been foreseen, but the evil was disclosed suddenly. It was then winter, and the weather piercingly cold. A supply of seasoned wood was sent express for—we expected it before night, and contrived to glean sticks and splinters to keep out starvation; but towards evening the biting wind relented, the skies lowered, and the rain fell in torrents; no team could be brought along, and our fire went out. We cowered for a time over the parlour-hearth, but the embers were ashes. We betook ourselves to cloaks and great coats, but they were

ineffectual. We adjourned in a body to the kitchen, where a spark was still cherished. With outspread hands we bent over it, till the flame vanished, and the fiery remnant was only just enough to light a candle. None, by accident, was at hand; a cry from all arose for a candle, but when it was brought the brand had so faded, that lips and lungs were exercised in vain: at last a rag was screamed for, but before one could be got, the fire perished, and we were obliged to go to bed, where, owing to the thinness of the frame of the house, and the stove being unlighted, sleep would not come; and towards daylight in the morning the wind changed again to the north, and fell ten degrees below zero.

These sort of hardships, though almost ludicrous in the recital, were yet grievous in the experience. They did not, it is true, frequently occur, but often enough to do more than molest our comfort; and the worst of them consisted in making the younger children querulous and importunate to be taken home; which, though a childish longing, became sometimes exceedingly distressing; for the poor creatures, after

fretting and complaining, would subside into sadness, and sit apart and moan to themselves with so much of the accent of desertion, that their mother often said it was more pitiful to hear them than if they were Babes in the Wood, and she herself a tender-hearted Robin Redbreast. But as the winter wore away, custom, with its wonted conciliation, mitigated our sufferings, and many things which at their first occurrence were severe evils, came to be sustained without a murmur, and sometimes even allowed to pass without observation.

CHAPTER XXI.

FOREST SCENES.

OUR adventures partook of the quiet, household nature of our disasters, sometimes teasing in their occurrence, at others facetious, but rarely of influential effect. Amusement we had none, for the scarcity of game in the forest renders it too troublesome to find, ever to make shooting here a pleasure ; now and then, however, a glimpse of native character glimmers out among the settlers, and affords something to talk of for nine days.

Those who were the most eminent for thus supplying topics, the one by his actions, and the other by his talk, were Sam and James Foddie, the worthy, patient husband of the nurse who distinguished herself with the wine my wife

sent to Mrs. Paddock. Sam is never out of mischief. There is no sort of experiment which he does not attempt, from tapping the maple trees, of course, at improper times, for juice, to make sugar, even to dyeing the towels in chemical investigations of the plants and substances that he supposes contain colouring matter. Were his discernment equal to his assiduity, he would undoubtedly be, even now, no mean experimental philosopher; but Sam has only an incessant desire to do, and never draws an inference.

James Foddie is a very different personage; he cannot be said to have acquired any renown for industry, and he will rather talk with you for a day about sedate nothings, than work for an hour. In his demeanour he is calm and methodical; no one has ever seen him in a passion, and his words flow in an even, mellow tenour, without emphasis, almost without accent. On one occasion, however, he was a little shaken from his propriety, and the event is still told among us as something almost as miraculous as the water tapped from the rock.

Instead of buying land, for he was very poor,

he leased fifty acres of mine on the side of a hill, and during the winter made a small clearing on the summit, where, in time, he proposed to erect a log-house. As the spring advanced, he gathered the brush-wood together, as usual, to burn it; and one day, though the season was not far enough advanced, he gave Sam a penny to set it on fire, and to attend the blaze till it was consumed, he having himself some other task at Stockwell.

Nothing could be more acceptable to the ignipotent Sam than an occupation of this kind, and accordingly the brushwood was kindled, but, the time being rather premature, it burned slowly, and Sam wearied at looking on. Still the spot presented to him favourable materials for other pastime—in several hollow trunks of aged trees. Sam happened to discover, that, when set on fire in the inside from the roots, they blazed up like foul chimneys. This was mightily interesting. The brushwood was neglected, and the flames soon expired; but to make amends, every hollow tree that could be found was soon roaring like a furnace.

The smoke ascended in stupendous volumes,

and filled all the air. James Foddie, who knew the purpose he had engaged Sam to perform, was alarmed at the sight, and justly dreading that the woods were on fire, went about among his neighbours, in a composed manner however, to solicit their assistance to extinguish the conflagration.

“Do you see yon smoke?” said he, to each; “I hae a notion that it’s the laddie Sam’s doing, for I gied him a penny to burn my brush, but surely he’s made owre muckle a fire, and I dinna misdoot the woods are bleezing; will ye ha’e the civility to come and help me to put them out?”

With such impassioned appeals he roused the *posse comitatus* of Stockwell, who all hurried to the spot, himself leisurely following; and on reaching it they beheld the brushwood singed only on a few branches, and Sam running about like an evil spirit with a blazing brand, glancing among the burning trees seeking for hollow trunks.

On observing the crowd, Sam threw down his torch, and came towards them with a demure countenance.

“Man Sammy,” said James, “what made you kin’le siccan an owre muckle a fire? Od-sake! how will we ever get it put under, dost thou think, Sammy?”

“It does,” replied Sam, “look very terrible and dreadful; who would have thought that the rightful fire would have gone out, and these old doddard trees have taken it into their heads to burn?”

“But ye should na, Sammy, my man, have made siccan an owre muckle a fire. That’s an unco fire, and my brush no burnt: what for ha’e you no burnt my brush, Sammy, and what are a’ the trees lowing and roaring for like mad? Od-sake, am very angry, Sammy. Siccan an owre muckle a fire! and no in the right place, Sammy!”

In the mean time, while he was thus expostulating with the boy, the other settlers were busy looking at the conflagration, for they could do little more; but the season gave effectual assistance, for the wet weather which had prevailed some days prior, and the rising sap of the green wood, counteracted the flames, so that before he had half finished his remonstrance the

burning had ceased ; but “ siccan an owre muc-
kle a fire ” has become a proverbial expression
among us for a towering passion.

And yet, though the forest was thus inane of
amusement, and the events which for the mo-
ment interested us, such *vacuum interspersum*,
I imagined the dulness might be brightened
and the monotony varied merely by a regular
appropriation of my time to different objects.
But a brief experience soon convinced me how
difficult it is to carry such a purpose into effect.
Incidents unexpectedly occur, as well as occa-
sional visits, that disorder all systematic ar-
rangement. Besides, the mind tires of exerting
itself in leisure, and like a dwarf in a giant’s
robe, struggles in constant motion, but accom-
plishes nothing. To do much one must have
much to do.

In a word, although I cannot say that any
thing has occurred to render my residence in
the wild materially different from what I was
led to anticipate, yet I am inclined to think,
that however advisable emigration may have
been to my circumstances, the step was taken
too late in life for my own happiness. I would,

therefore, urge the courteous reader to think well of this. New habits and tastes are not easily acquired; and though resolute hardihood may induce a manly resistance to spleen, and longing, and dismay, and the loathing that grows in solitude, like the mantling vegetation on the stagnant pool, there is no relish in life without variety of occupation; and that exists not in the bush, where every day is but a part of a monotony, and every night but a suspension of the same “dull round:” *idem, eadem, idem.*

It is not however for himself, nor for recreation, that a man quits the flesh-pots of Egypt for the manna of the wilderness. A sacrifice is required of him, and, having made it, he should not repine at the consequences. For myself, I speak truly when I say, that here I feel no regrets; but my constitutional infirmity, which makes me at times prone to indulge in aimless reveries, occasionally interrupts the even tenour of my way. All emigrants are not, however, subject to this vapour; and with more of the might of a younger man, they need meet with nothing to lessen their rational happiness.

In my case, there is a liability to suffer from a weakness within myself, and many things from which others would sustain no annoyance, are disheartening to me; but that would now, I fear, be my portion in any circumstances; and therefore, when discontent escapes me, it ought to be ascribed to that cause alone, and deducted from the effect of those mischances which are really incident to the lot of emigrants in the forest.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE LONE MAN.

WITH the annual shoal of emigrants during the second spring, came several families from the West of Scotland. Only two of them, however, settled in Nox, the others scattered themselves over the province. Among them was an association, in some respects similar to that of the party which Eric Pullicate sent to me. They were desirous of locating themselves on my land; but, although not in circumstances to purchase, they refused to accept of leases, and in consequence, as it was not consistent with my views to dispose of the property otherwise than to tenants, we made no agreement.

The negotiation was not in itself remarkable, such things are probably not of rare occurrence,

but it brought me acquainted with one of the most mysterious characters I have ever met with.

His name was Archibald Jocelyn, but more generally known, however, among his neighbours, as the Gentleman.

He was an elderly man, without being so old in appearance as to merit the epithet of aged ; but his forehead was high and bald, and what remained of his hair seemed to have been bleached by the influence of a torrid climate, flowing in venerable affluence on his shoulders, suggesting recollections of saints and patriarchs seen in pictures, Abraham and St. Peter, or Joseph of Arimathea.

He spoke little, but whatever he uttered was distinguished for the fitness of the phrase, and the elegant conciseness in which it was couched. His accent was Scottish, but his language, for purity and propriety, was such as the author of *Junius* may have spoken. His air and manners were benignly calm ; in a word, one that could not be seen without inspiring confidence in his benedictions.

And yet this serene and gracious person be-

longed to the lowliest condition. He was poor, he laboured with his bodily strength, but he had a mind that towered into the welkin of genius. His companions knew nothing of his history, farther than that he was a native of the same parish, where he had been early left an unrelated orphan; all trace of his kindred was lost, for he was a posthumous child, and his mother died in giving him birth—a widow and a stranger.

The country people, though in humble circumstances themselves, had among them charitably contrived to gather the means of bringing him up, till at an examination of the parish school, an English gentleman, present on the occasion, was so struck with the composed and beautiful aspect of the child, its proficiency, and the story of its helplessness, that he undertook to educate him for the church, under the direction of the minister.

While at college his patron died, and being then destitute, he wandered away and was never heard of for more than thirty years; nor, indeed, when he came back, was he again known to his old friends, so much had time, and the

sun of foreign lands, changed the gentleness of his countenance into that saintly solemnity. He never told them where he had been; but from accidental words, they guessed far in the world, and amidst the engines and mysteries of courts and kings. Yet he was as poor as when he left them, and he sought employment to earn his daily bread.

Saving the dignity of his religious physiognomy, for it deserved no lighter name, and his simple elegance of speech, he was seemingly in all other respects an ordinary yeoman, for his hands were embrowned by hard labour, and his garb rustic and homely. The man from whom I received my information, added, on my observing the contrast between the coarseness of his hands, and the rank, as I happened to call it, of his looks,

“ They were not aye so, for when he came back among us, they were as fair and fine as a leddy madam’s, that does a’ her darg on the spinnet.”

I should, perhaps, have passed the negotiation, like others of the kind, unnoticed, but his image took possession of my mind, and induced

me to follow him to the door, where I received from one of his companions this information.

The others were sitting on the stumps and trunks of the felled trees, and some of them having spread their little stock of provisions beside them, were quietly eating their frugal meal. The day was grey and calm, and only the axe of the chopper was heard in the woodland.

As the venerable man met his associates, the whole scene seemed to change, and every object around became invested with inconceivable solemnity. It was plain that they had been accustomed to treat him with reverence, for they listened to what he reported of our conversation with grave attention, and when he concluded, they divided themselves into several groups, which went apart to consult, leaving him alone.

He did not, however, long stand there, but walked to some distance, and leaned against a fence, which had been recently raised round a potato patch, waiting apparently till the deliberations of the others were determined. His pensive posture, and the interest he had excited, would have made me go towards him; but at

that moment Dungowan, leading the youngest of the Evelyns by his finger, appeared from behind a clump of trees, by a path which obliged them to pass near the undivulged stranger in coming towards me. As they approached him, I noticed that he slightly altered his position, then erected himself as it were in surprise, and suddenly turning, walked to some distance.

The whole of this scene scarcely occupied the space of a minute, but it was sufficient to show that he recognised in Dungowan a person whom he had known before, and was anxious to avoid. The Captain himself had not particularly observed him, but I was instantaneously moved to wish he should, and accordingly went forward to lead him towards the stranger, whom we might join without evincing any unbecoming curiosity.

He saw us coming, and again moved away, which left no doubt that I had conjectured correctly, and that it would be an obtrusion to go forward.

Dungowan, who was an acute worldly observer, partly detecting, as it were, the motive by which I was actuated, said,

“Who is that?—you seem to be interested in him. Dear! I should know the air of that man! Who is he?—Certainly I do know him, or it is a resemblance as wonderful as that of Horace Evelyn to my long dead brother. But he shuns us—can he know me?”

I then told him that the stranger was the leader of several families from the West of Scotland, who had come to Stockwell with an intention of settling under me, but that we could not agree; subjoining, that I was indeed highly interested in him, both on account of his appearance, and the singular elegance and propriety of his discourse.

“He is, seemingly,” said I, “a person in very common life, but, undoubtedly, a man of education, and his companions evidently consider him as their superior; and yet he is one of the same condition as themselves.”

While speaking, I observed that Dungowan grew thoughtful, and with a habit peculiar to him when affected either with reflection or emotion, pressed his under lip with the tips of his left fingers.

“I will leave the child with you,” said he,

“and go to him. If I am not mistaken, Stockwell will be again the scene of another discovery.” So saying, he shook the child from its hold of his hand, and walked towards the fallen tree, upon which the stranger had by this time seated himself. But he had not advanced half a dozen paces, when the other emigrants, who had in the mean time mingled again together, passed us in a desultory train, some with bundles suspended from sticks over their shoulders, and joined him before the Captain had time to approach. Jocelyn did not, however, go with them ; he observed Dungowan coming towards him, and evidently waited for him. They then moved apart, and I could see by their manner that they were not only acquainted, but that there was some restraint in the demeanour of the Captain.

To watch the gestures of gentlemen at a distance, I have ever thought a species of unworthy evesdropping ; and in consequence, to avoid the imputation from myself, of being guilty of that meanness, I turned, and came towards the village, walking leisurely, in the expectation that the Captain would speedily rejoin me. But

he was much longer than I expected, a circumstance which at the time made me wonder; which, however, it ought not to have done, as the stranger had but just arrived from the old country, and had perhaps something interesting to communicate.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A MYSTERY.

SOME time after, I saw the associated emigrants pass along the road which led from the township, but Jocelyn was not with them ; he was then with Dungowan, and they had gone together by a more sequestered path, which led through the forest in a parallel direction. In consequence of this information, I conducted the boy Evelyn to his grandmother, for I made a point of seeing her regularly every time I had occasion to be at Stockwell. She was in a great measure recovered from her indisposition, but her health was far from being re-established.

On this occasion I found her uncommonly

cheerful, greatly so beyond her custom, inso-much that I inquired the cause.

“ I begin,” said she, “ to think we have done wisely in coming here ; the Captain has been telling me to-day, that till recently he had felt as a plant which had been removed, but now he begins to fasten in the soil, all things around are so visibly improving.”

Some other general conversation relative to different topics, of no very important character, then arose, and after a short time I moved to come away, when Dungowan entered.

It was evident, at the first glance, that he was disturbed ; and it may be conceived with what surprise both his kinswoman and I heard him say, before he was well seated, that he repented so much of having come to Canada, that he thought it would be as well to return, and spend the remainder of his days at home, adding—

“ We live in a world difficult to understand. We fall in with individuals whom we would choose for friends, but they pass, they disappear, and we know them no more. There is more, and also less, of a dramatic construction

in the fable of life then we willingly allow. I really fancied we were again at the ripening of a plot, but it has been a vapour."

"Then the stranger," said I, "is not the person you expected?"

"He is the same," replied the Captain; "I was not mistaken in his appearance. But you must ask me no questions; not because I know any thing to reveal concerning him, but simply because he wishes to remain unknown, and I have promised not to discover him. He has indeed been ever an enigma; with talents fit to rule an empire, and wisdom that qualifies him to be the sagest among the wise, he has reduced himself to a humble level."

"And why?" replied I.

"You ask what I cannot answer. But question me no farther, for he has made me very sorrowful."

"I wish," said I, "he had not been in such haste to depart. I have never seen one that I wished so much to become acquainted with."

"That you never could have become. He is a stranger to all who know him, and the

greatest to himself: but let us speak no more of him."

"Has he determined to what part of the province he will accompany his associates?"

"Not exactly—or rather, I should say, he has not yet fixed."

"When we hear he has, we shall visit him; I long to know something of his history."

"So do I," replied the Captain gravely, "so do I."

"And yet you have found in him an old friend."

"An acquaintance; one worthy of the utmost esteem: what can he intend by his disguise?"

"What, indeed! there is nothing in this country to cause him to put it on: moreover, one of his companions spoke of him as having used it in Scotland."

"Really—but let us change the subject. He has very solemnly begged that I should not speak of him as if I ever knew him before: I have promised."

A little pause then took place, and I afterwards added,

"No doubt, odd characters sometimes come

in with the emigrants, and he is doubtless one. I have already noticed, in my different rides, persons, who, in spite of a humble garb, showed a polish inconsistent with their condition—stars not in their proper sphere, or fallen from it.”

The manner of Dungowan during this conversation was calculated to inflame my curiosity; for although he declared the greatest regard, even admiration for the mysterious stranger, he evaded all my most ingenious attempts to ascertain what he knew of him, and more than once remarked that the strongest regrets in life often spring from not having time to become intimate with interesting characters.

I then told him what I had learnt of the stranger's history, for an irresistible impulse would not allow me to recede, notwithstanding the repeated requests of Dungowan that we should avoid the subject.

For some time he made no reply, but sat thoughtful, and then raising his eyes and looking severely at me, said,

“Don't tell that again—no one ever heard him mention the place of his birth, nor the rank of his kindred, and yet he always seemed

above his station. He has vexed me, but no matter, let it be forgotten for a time."

"It is our best course; he is but an emigrant who has let himself down to the level of his fortunes—we shall probably soon hear of him again,"

"I doubt it," said the Captain; "but come, Mr. Bogle Corbet, if you intend to return to Sylvany this evening, it begins to be time to get your horse, we can talk of him when we shall have more leisure."

And so saying the Captain led the way, and I followed him, after bidding Mrs. Paddock good night;—but, in passing from her house to the hut where my horse was stabled, he never uttered a word, his thoughts were intent on inward reflections; had he heard distressing news, he could not have appeared more rapt and absent—perhaps he had.

His abstract air infected me; I mounted and shook hands with him, scarcely conscious of what I did, and was more than a mile on the path from Stockwell before I was again master of myself, nor, indeed, might I have so soon recovered the necessary wakefulness which the

Canadian roads so require, had not my horse stumbled and nearly fallen with me. That little accident dispersed my thick-coming fancies, and in consequence, without yielding to the mood of marvelling and reminiscence into which I am too apt to sink, I roused myself to a more animated contemplation of the scene, for the twilight had faded to a feeble glow, the stars were all out, and the moon was shining with a latticed disk through the boughs. Here and there lights from the cottage-windows of the settlers were peering and sparkling, and the pleasing tinkle of the cow-bells was heard from the woods: it was an hour when no rude thought could intrude. The incident of the afternoon became only a kedge-anchor, as it were, which held my imagination in a current of soothing reveries; I rode along the solitary path in a state of enjoyment such as I had not felt so distinctly for many years. So much is it congenial to my disposition to be in unison with the seasonable harmonies of Nature.

But the delightful sobriety of that evening ride was not destined to be of long duration.

The demon that haunts the new settler in the forest, had none abated in its native malignity, but at the very moment when I was in the calm felicity of gentle thoughts and softened cares, was busy mingling the disastrous ingredients of a manifold molestation.

CHAPTER XXIV.

DISASTERS.

MY wife, Mrs. Corbet, by her country education, suffered less change in her feelings and habits by coming to this country than I had apprehended. Being entirely domestic in her dispositions, she often, indeed, acknowledged that she felt more at home in Canada than in the neighbourhood of London. Unfortunately, however, as I must say it was, she conceived it to be her duty not only to know the usages of other settlers, but to practise them, without sufficiently considering whether in our case it was requisite or not ; and in consequence we had always, to me, a most afflicting to-do in our householdry.

To say nothing of pigs and sheep to kill,

and joints to send to obliging neighbours who had remembered us in similar operations, sausages to stuff and yarn to bleach, and worsted to dye ; we had quilting beds, upholstery jobs, and, in short, more various manufactures in hand than would have served for the supply of any ten decent families in the old country. This bustle often interfered with our comfort ; and yet, though it was the evident heart's delight of Mrs. Corbet to be stirring in hot water of her own boiling, the more she had to do the less was she content, and gave vent to the most pathetic complaints concerning her turmoils, telling me that her "bit and her drop were dearly bought," adding with a sigh, "it would come to an end ;" and whenever I responded amen, which I did on every occasion with perfect sincerity, she would accuse me of being destitute of sympathy.

It thus happened that, on the night I returned from Stockwell to Sylvany, as described in the preceding chapter, overflowing with the milk of human kindness, and relishing long untasted tranquillity, I saw as I approached the door lights in several windows, a vast fire in

front of the offices with a cauldron on it, as if it had been the pit of Acheron; several persons passing to and fro between it and the kitchen-door, with all the signs, sounds, and symptoms, of an occasion of no ordinary kind.

I was rather dismayed at the sight of such nocturnal doings, knowing from old experience that they would not be found essentially contributory to the enjoyments of a quiet parlour and a snug supper, to which my day's hard journey rather eagerly invited, and perhaps I might not be in consequence prone to indulge the most mellifluous humour; my consternation accordingly was not excessive, when Mrs. Corbet seeing me enter, said in a hurry, having ten times more in hand than she could well manage, that I might order what I wanted, for she had a boiling of linen cloth, besides a general washing, to superintend, and every body in the house was busy.

I therefore put on a mask of sober gravity, and desired the servant to fetch me a boiled peacock, with oyster sauce, for supper.

The handmaid, a newly-imported Irish girl, looked at me, and, without answer, hied to her

mistress, who at the moment was inspecting the contents of the cauldron—hot work ! The strange request so astonished her, that she let the cloth which she had lifted by the stirring-stick fall back into the cauldron with a plunge ; the boiling water leaped up, and the spray fell on one of the attendant maidens and scalded her legs. She was holding a candle, which the sudden pain caused her to drop, and in stooping she pushed inadvertently against the cauldron. It was upset ; the fire was extinguished, and although there was the greatest cause for hymns of thankfulness that no person was scalded, only the most discordant shrieks and yells ascended in the darkness that ensued. Every soul within the house ran to the spot of jeopardy. The tumult was as of horsemen horseing on their horses, and the confusion surpassed all description.

Scarcely, however, was the disaster ascertained, and comparative quiet restored, when we returned into the house only to encounter new troubles. In my haste at the yells of agony, I had, with the tail of my coat, whisked off one of the candles from the table, and it fell

into a basket where Mrs. Corbet had the main stock of her best laces and head-gear lying in a damp state. Instantaneous combustion did not take place, but the candle most unaccountably did not go out, on the contrary, it continued to burn on its side, in the most extraordinary manner for a candle to do, and, though it did not consume the precious commodities with a blaze, it burnt seven-and-twenty great holes in them, through as many successive folds, down to the bottom of the basket.

This, every one must allow, was a domestic calamity of its degree; Mrs. Corbet wrung her hands with sorrow, and with just displeasure reprimanded me for bursting into a most irreverent laugh. But it was suddenly checked by another direful yell from the kitchen, occasioned by an old woman, who in bringing in the web capsized from the cauldron, staggered against a skreen of clothes drying before the fire, and they were instantly blazing, to the imminent hazard of the building. However, that misfortune was also overcome; but I received a very poor supper, had it not been garnished with hunger, besides the consolation of being

cogently admonished, that times of business are not times for joking.

But to be serious, the abrupt extinction of the cauldron fire, which shone far and wide, attracted attention at a distance, and brought a party to the house to see what had happened. They proved to be the Scottish emigrants who had been with me in the course of the day at Stockwell, and among them their singular leader, whom I have already described. They had stopped at the tavern, and were then going to the public road by the moonlight when the accident happened, and the wild cries that had succeeded attracted them to the spot.

Although this visit was purely accidental, it gave me great pleasure, chiefly on account of affording me another opportunity of again meeting with a man in whom I was so much interested. But when he found it was my house, and that I was at home, he urged his companions to resume their journey, and shrunk from me. This was so obvious, that it again awakened my curiosity, and stimulated me to make some exertion to detain them all. I accordingly insisted on their acceptance of some

refreshment, and in a particular manner pressed the unknown to partake, inviting them into the parlour. He did not altogether decline my offer, for he saw a willingness on the part of the others to accept it, but he seated himself aloof, and near the door, as awkward people generally do in the presence of their superiors; and yet there was nothing in his manner unbecoming the ease and self-possession of one accustomed to good company. He never voluntarily spoke, but he replied to my questions with that elegant conciseness which surprised me so much in the course of the day; and in consequence, while he whetted my curiosity to know something of what he had been, his studied reserve repressed my endeavours to draw him into freer conversation. I gathered from him, however, that he had been in Spain with the army of the Duke of Wellington; that he had also been in Egypt and in Sicily, but in what capacity I could not discover. As a private soldier it was impossible, in looking at the man, to suppose, and, indeed, when I inquired to what regiment he had belonged, he said that he was not, on the latter occasions, a military man; im-

plying, that either before or since, he had been of the profession.

Interested as I had been in him, I was now doubly so; but he went off with his companions when they had taken their refreshment, leaving me in the most irksome and unsatisfied state imaginable.

CHAPTER XXV.

A SUGGESTION.

THE stranger attracted the attention of my wife to an equal degree with mine. I observed her, as she had occasion, on household cares intent, to pass in and out of the parlour, frequently look at him, as one may suppose Eve did at the affable angel with Adam; indeed it was impossible to see him without feeling the excitement of some sentiment allied to reverence, or to hear him speak, and not be affected by admiration at the gentleness of his voice, and the beautiful brevity of his expressions: even Mrs. Corbet, who in language was nothing critical, remarked to me, after he had departed, that he spoke like a play-actor in a tragedy,

and completed her description by one of the most original similes extant.

“What can he be?” said she; “for my part, I think if he is not a Centaur, he’s something very like one on my father’s Etruscan vase, half a heathen god, and half a horse. You cannot look at his countenance without awe, and his hands are as grim and hard as hoofs;” and she continued, “Men of that kind, I have heard my father say, were good schoolmasters of old. I thought you had some design of hiring him for our boys, when I noticed you so waylaying him with your curiosity.”

The idea was more to the purpose than any thing that had occurred to me concerning him; but he was gone, and the night considerably advanced; however, on her suggestion, I sent after him, to request he would either return, or not proceed beyond the tavern on the main road till I could come to him in the morning.

When the man came back, the answer was not satisfactory. He declined to return, and only consented to remain till noon at the tavern, if his friends would allow him.

In the mean time, after we had sent the message, as we were sitting waiting the return of the messenger, we both became silent, and for a moment looked at one another. My wife was the first to speak.

“ This,” said she, “ is not a very wise course. What do we know about the man that we should think of inviting him to complete the education of our children ? What proof have we of his capacity, for you know that neither of us are judges of learning ? And then his morals,—where are the testimonials ? ”

The exact reflex of the same thoughts had passed through my own mind, but I could not help saying,—

“ By his language I have no doubt he is well qualified, and there must be something about him which indicates as much, otherwise the idea would not at once have appeared so judicious to us both. But Dungowan has known him heretofore, and if he consent to take the office, we shall obtain a character from him.”

“ It would be wiser to have the character beforehand,” replied Mrs. Corbet ; “ but it is always your way, to make the bargain first,

and think of the consequences when you suffer from them."

We were thus discoursing in our wonted domestic manner, when, to our surprise, Dugowan himself was announced.

"You had not well quitted Stockwell," said he, "when I resolved to follow you—for we have now an opportunity of providing ourselves with a teacher, which your sons, as well as the Evelyns, equally stand in need of."

"We have just been considering of that very thing," was my answer; "and thinking of your unknown friend."

"Mr. Bogle Corbet," added my wife, "has a notion that he would make a capital tutor, but I have my apprehensions—for who have we in this woody wilderness to test his qualifications? It is no dishonour to you, Captain, who have been all your days a soldier-officer, learning your lessons by beat of drum, that you are in a state of ignorance concerning the right matters of education; and as for him there, Bogle Corbet, although he makes his books idols, we all know what to think of idolaters. Don't we run a risk, Captain?"

The logical arrangement of Mrs. Corbet's ideas was never of the strictest sort, though her meaning was always sufficiently obvious; but at this time I thought she spoke more disparagingly than there was any reason for, even had her insinuations been correct, and I could see that Dungowan was rather inclined to be of the same opinion, when he replied—

“With regard to my education, Madam, I certainly have no great pretension. It was plain, but it has served me. However, Jocelyn is, I believe, well qualified, for I perceive it is to him you allude. But he is not my man.”

“Then we are better furnished with persons qualified for the office,” said I, “than I had imagined.”

“Have I not always told you so?” interposed Mrs. Corbet. “If people will only have patience they are sure to get what they need at last. But of whom were you speaking, Captain?”

“A very sober, quiet, well-conducted man; in some points, not exactly the equal of Jocelyn,

I must confess that; but you know, Madam, it is not necessary for schoolmasters to be field-officers; and in the forest we must not look for Edinburgh colleges, nor Woolwich academies."

"I see you have a right understanding of our forlorn condition, Captain," she replied; "but what can you say to the advantage of Mr. Jocelyn?"

Dungowan turned towards me, and with an emphatic look said, without replying to Mrs. Corbet, "He will not do."

"No!"

Instead of taking up the thread of our conversation, he added, "The person respecting whom I have thus so untimely broken in upon you, proposes to leave the settlement to-morrow, to establish himself elsewhere as a teacher; and considering how much one is wanted among us, I thought it right to consult you about inducing him to remain."

"Which of the emigrants is it?"

"That sedate, meek man whom the others so tease and molest for his patience, since the

boy Sam set the woods on fire. He can endure their jibes no longer, and the clearing of his land is harder work than he can well do."

This intelligence ought not to have amazed me, for several times the silly, doless creature had intimated to me that he wished he could find some other employment than "the coupling," as he called it, of "siccan big trees;" but the idea of his turning dominie never once entered my head, nor could my imagination have conceived that a gentleman like Dunggowan would have ever deemed him capable of undertaking the education of my children. But somehow the unworldly genius of the forest inspires strange fancies, and we consent to adopt expedients even in the most influential affairs, as if they were temporary transactions. This indifference and apathy of mind, effects of coarse toil and the negligent spirit of solitude, require a constant effort to withstand it. Perhaps, had the proposal related to any other of the emigrants, it would not have seemed so preposterous, but his name was linked with ridiculous associations, and my wife, on hearing it, exclaimed,

“ Goodness ! can he read Greek ? ”

Nor indeed could he ; for like Claud, in the Gentle Shepherd, “ half read, half spell,” was the extent of his accomplishments.

This little incident happened much in the manner described : but Dungowan persisted in his opinion that Jocelyn would refuse ; he nevertheless consented to go with me to him in the morning, and add his entreaties to mine.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A CANADIAN DAWN.

SOME engagement of business, the particular nature of which it is not necessary to describe, induced me to fix with Dungowan that we should set off by break of day for the tavern where Jocelyn was to wait for me. From the time of my arrival in the province, I had only once been so early a-foot, and that was in coming with my family from Cornwall to Prescott.

The aspect of the morning was at once delightful, and fresh, and new, for during the former journey, my mind was so occupied with various matters, that the landscape attracted only cursory glances as we passed; on this occasion, being on horseback and more at leisure, I loosened the reins of my imagination, and al-

lowed it to range at freedom ; my companion, probably in some similar mood, was also disposed to ride without much talk.

To the general reader, it may now and then appear that I am too prone to describe the sympathy which the scenes of Nature awaken in my feelings ; perhaps it is an innate predilection ; but in doing so, especially since I came to Canada, I have certainly been actuated more by a desire to convey correct ideas of the country and climate, than by the pleasure derived from recalling the forms and colours of the images that ministered to the first enjoyment. I shall, therefore, make no other apology for describing this little matin excursion, than by simply assuring my urbane friends that, with all my most earnest endeavours to furnish lively sketches of the dawning morning, and the sylvan circumstances gradually brightening around, I must fail to impress them with an adequate conception of its tranquillity and beauty.

When we mounted, the stars were all shining, and the paling sapphire of the East scarcely indicated the coming of the grey-eyed Aurora—

for the moon was sinking in the West, and from behind the forest still spread, though herself unseen, a glow that was more effectual. The air was calm, and the profoundest silence slept on the landscape, save where the hermit water-fall was heard afar off, singing to solitude his ceaseless hymn.

As we advanced, the features of every object became more distinguishable; and the wakeful eyelids of the stars were one by one wearily and softly closed—a watch-dog, as we passed a settler's log-hut, challenged our approach, but no inmate of the dwelling was a-foot; though, as Chatterton quaintly says,

“The feathered songster, chanticleer,
Had blown his bugle-horn,
And told the early villagers
The coming of the morn.”

Whether from the inequality of the surface of the country, or of the forest boughs, or the clearings here and there, the morning seemed to advance with sudden and unequal steps;—sometimes lingering without any visible increase of light, and then abruptly shedding a distincter influence, as if climbing and raising

herself to surmount the masses that intervened between us; at last she attained her full predominance, and seemed to pause, as it were, to give possession of the scene to the day.

The tall forest stood like a wall on our left hand, but the moment that the sun beyond it rose above the natural horizon, we had instant signals of his presence, by the reflection of his beams on the topmost leaves and boughs on our right, though he was himself still concealed; and soon after we saw in different glades, long, pale, horizontal streaks of vapour, stretching about half-way up the trees. But "the song of earliest bird" was still unheard, for our way lay through a new clearing, and the birds had not come, or were not yet there in such numbers as to disturb the sylvan silence, which had been from primeval antiquity the solemn inmate of the recent wood.

When we had passed through one of those absentee properties which remain in their original state, and have been so long complained of as impediments to the progress of cultivation in the province, we entered a more open tract of country, and soon arrived at the tavern. The

emigrants were sitting on different trunks and roots of trees, which still encumbered an open space in front of the house; some had their bundles and walking-sticks lying near them, others were less prepared; the appearance, however, of the whole evinced that they were ready for the road; but Jocelyn was not among them, he was sitting at some distance by himself.

Giving our horses to the landlord, who, on observing our approach, had come out to meet us, we went towards Jocelyn, and I was on the point of speaking, when I noticed the interchange of an expressive look between him and Dungowan, and with no common sensation of surprise, that the Captain seemed to regard him with the deference due to a superior. This was, perhaps, the chief cause of the emotion which their reciprocal behaviour produced; for Dungowan, both from habit and disposition, was constantly, like every other Highland military gentleman, awake to the respect due to himself, and punctilious in the practice of a becoming politeness to others. It thus happened that it fell to his lot to

explain our business—which, indeed, was soon done;—Jocelyn, however, made no immediate answer, but seemed to peruse the ground, so that I was led to add—

“The few of our settlement cannot afford you very alluring emoluments, but still we shall endeavour to make the situation comfortable, and I can say, both for my own and the Evelyns, that they are tractable boys; and that although teaching be sometimes vexatious enough, still it is an easier and a higher employment than the common tasks of an ordinary settler.”

He continued ruminating for about a minute, and then said that he sought no advancement in coming to Canada; and with that elegant brevity which had made me so much observe him, expressed his obligations to Captain Campbell, to whom he conceived himself to be indebted for the good opinion I had formed of him.

Dungowan assured him that it proceeded spontaneously from myself, and that I had formed the idea before he had seen me on the subject.

At this he again became silent, and touching

the Captain on the arm, drew him aside ; what passed between them was never explained, and it would have been impertinent to have inquired, but leaving Jocelyn, who walked a few paces farther off, Dungowan came back to me, and shaking his head, said,—

“ It is in vain ; he has tried an upward course in the world, he says, so long without success, that he has foregone his perseverance, and has resolved to be so humble for the future that he cannot with health fall lower.”

“ Has he then resigned some trust in disgust ?” My question embarrassed the Captain, who was not quite sensible of the effect of his own words, nor aware how much they imported ; but soon perceiving the extent of his inadvertency, he said alertly,

“ We must either end our negotiation, or he must give me leave to be a little more explicit with you, for I see that I am but a sieve with a secret.”

Then turning round quickly he again walked towards him, and presently they were in eager conversation, in the course of which I saw Dungowan respectfully bow several times, but they

were too distant for me to overhear them had I been inclined to listen ; so I went to where the other settlers were seated, and addressed myself to the same man who had given me the account of the birth and story of Jocelyn, as it was known in their native parish.

But all he could tell me was of no importance, nor calculated, in any degree, to appease my curiosity. He again, however, reverted to the original delicacy of his hands, saying,

“ I ’m sure, though he may not be a gentleman born, he ’s ane that has been bred to the trade. Fine hands are no gotten by hard work ; and his fingers were limber, and better fitted to pook a needle through a seam, than to grip axe hefts or spade shafts. And ye see he has na the looks of a millendery man ; mair than that, when he ’s no observed, I have seen him hold up his head, and look as crouse as a soldier-officer, the which every man will no contradict is a sign of something that stands in need of explanation. I would na need to stress my wonder if I heard that he was one that had been found falsely of a coomy character by a court-martial—for he ’s really of such a gospel

spirit, that he could never be made guilty of an ill deed, but by false witnesses, which no man is safe from in this world. We jealousy he intends to show us his back when he has seen us settled, but that's only a suspec, as yet, among us."

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE SEALED BOOK.

I COULD gain nothing more from the emigrants concerning "the gentleman" than I had already acquired, but only that, at the request of my messenger the preceding evening, they had consented to defer their journey till I came.

"He's a réâl queer man," said my informant,—"what is he, or can he have been! In the whole tot of the voyage he never opened his mouth to old or young, but when by chance we had occasion to speak to him. I must say that no man could be more genteel than he was, the which is a sign that he's no void of discretion. In short, Sir, we begin to jealousy that he has been something in the diplomatics, or some other dainty trade, where the head works for the hands."

“What does he intend?” said I, “have you never heard him speak even of that?”

“The Gude and himsel’ only ken; but I would guess that it canna be pleasant to be so kentspeeple as he has made himself amongst us; we have a suspec that when he has gotten us landed on our ain mailings, he’ll be for making a leg bail job o’ ’t; and, Sir, we canna afford to part with him sooner, for he has mair wit in his wee finger, than we ha’e in a’ our bouks. Sir, had ye complied with his offer it would ha’e been very profitable.”

“To you, no doubt,” said I. But at that moment Dungowan made a sign for me to draw near, and his mysterious friend parted from him, evidently intent on shunning me.

“Well, Captain,” I exclaimed, approaching, “have you been successful?”

“No, and I give it up, he will not be moved from his purpose, nor will he in the slightest degree consent to release me from my promise; you must just let him go, and submit to consider him as one of those characters, occasionally met with in the world, whose intimacy it would be agreeable to cultivate, but

who pass like a shadow away, and cannot be recalled."

"Know you," said I, "how far he intends to proceed with his companions?"

"He is bound by promise to go with them till they have reached their destination, and then"—

"What then?"

"The devil ding a dirk through my tongue, as our serjeant from Lochmaban used to say, but words trintle from it that should be better guided; however, 'tis letting out nothing of his secret to say, he then intends to quit Canada, because he has met with me, and to lose himself in the western parts of the United States."

"Has he such cause to shun you?"

"He has none; but only because I knew him in a better sphere."

"What was he then?"

"A gentleman; and one who sometimes told us, when he dined at our mess, that he had never been indebted for any solicited favour. By Jove, Mr. Bogle Corbet, if you interrogate me at this rate, I shall be tempted to forget my trust, and the promise I have made. Question

me no farther, he will not come with us. Be you satisfied with that—I am.”

The tone at once of impatience and firmness, with which the Captain expressed himself, apprised me that it would be equally vain and improper to attempt to sift him farther. But as I could not in civility go away without speaking a few more words to his friend, who had remained at my request, I turned from him, and beckoned to the stranger, who was by this time at a considerable distance, to come back. He immediately obeyed, and on coming near, addressed himself to me with a degree of sternness for which I was unprepared.

“Has Captain Campbell told you my story?”

“Think you that I would, having pledged my word?” replied Dungowan, with something like irascibility.

“Nor do I think so,” rejoined the stranger; “but why am I again recalled?”

“I beg your pardon,” cried Dungowan, “I have not yet had time to tell Mr. Bogle Corbet all you had requested me to communicate.”

“Oh, very well;” and in the same instant he left us, and walked again to a distance.

“This, Dungowan,” I immediately subjoined, “is the most singular transaction I have ever been engaged in. What did he bid you tell me?”

“Nothing, literally nothing, but that he declined our joint solicitation. We had best say nothing more about it;” and with these words he moved towards the tavern, where we found breakfast prepared, and without exchanging a syllable, began to partake. From the window we saw the emigrants take the road; and in a short time, followed by their undivulged leader, they were soon out of sight.

Sometimes since have I met with individuals plainly as much out of their proper place as that hidden person, but never one whose appearance had so magnificent a stamp of greatness about it. It is now many months since the interview took place, and we have heard nothing more about him, but that he conducted his company to an advantageous location in the London District, where he left them, and has been heard of no more. Once only have I alluded to the mystery with Dungowan, but he made me no answer: and Mrs. Corbet says

that he replies to her so sharply, whenever she happens to speak of it, that she is resolved never to mention it again; but merely, next time, to ask how long they had been acquainted—and what sort of man he was then? and I as regularly admonish her to be more prudent.

In a romance, a mystic tale of this kind would seem curiously improbable; but when I consider it in connexion with that sterile desert of events, in which our destiny has been thrown, I imagine in my cooler moments that it has been no very wonderful occurrence, and that it is the absence of other interesting incidents which have given to it all its importance. I fancy, then, that this is the true cause of the mystery; for, as the Captain has several times observed to me, How often we meet with extraordinary things in our course of life, that deeply affect us as they pass, and yet their origin, purpose, and accomplishment, remain for ever unknown!

Still, with all these seeming worldly exhortations, with which Dungowan at times endeavours to soothe my curiosity, and to which I can oppose no reasonable answer, the crave to

learn the history of Jocelyn continues. "It must have been extraordinary," I find myself sometimes involuntarily saying; "and the distinction with which a Highland gentleman regards him is no ordinary sign. Perhaps he has been a gamester; and yet he does not appear a man at all subject to the heated blood of those who yield to that vice." I at last came to be of opinion that he was an unfortunate duellist, and under hiding. But my narrative halts.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE REPENTANT PRODIGAL.

WHEN we had finished our repast, and the horses were ordered out, I happened to take a short walk in front of the house to a sudden turn, where the road that leads to the Debit joins Dundas-Street. As I was looking along it, I perceived at some distance two persons coming towards me. Their appearance indicated that they were strangers who had been landed at the mouth of the river, for they had on great coats, and were carrying between them, by handkerchiefs drawn through the handles, a considerable chest. Had they belonged to the country they would have used a waggon, and it was evident they were poor, or they would have hired one.

The weight of the chest, and their cumbrous clothing, made their progress slow, and their steps heavy. They often rested, sitting down on the lid of their burden, and were evidently greatly fatigued. By the direction in which they were going, I conjectured that Stockwell was their destination, and in consequence went towards them to ascertain the fact, and to advise them to remain at the tavern where I had breakfasted; as in the course of the day a waggon was expected, by which they might be assisted on with their load.

When they observed me approaching, the elder of the two came forward, and before I had distinctly recollected him, though his figure was in my memory, he addressed me by name.

“We’re thinking, Mr. Bogle Corbet,” said he, “that ye’ll no be overly civil at seeing us again.”

It was the radical James Peddie, and one of his sons, who had declared their independence at Cornwall, and went over to the United States, as I have already mentioned.

“Peddie,” I exclaimed, scarcely less asto-

nished than if he had been a ghost, "where have you come from?"

He lifted his hat with one hand, and scratched his head awkwardly with the other,

"'Deed, Mr. Bogle, I dinna misdoot that I hae been a prodigal son."

"We have no fatted calves to kill for your return," was my answer: "but what has sent you here?"

"I would fain think, Sir," replied he, looking slyly from under his eyebrows, "that maybe it was a waff' of common sense."

"Indeed, James! and so they have not made you a member of Congress."

He shook his head, and rubbing his left elbow with his right hand, again peered from under his eyebrows, and replied,

"I'm no thinking it's a vera commodious thing for a laborous man to be overly political, and yon cackhouses wi' their domineering, for they are desperate at that, take as meikle pains before ye can rule them rightfully, as if they were borough corporations—but dogs are blate in unco bields. In sooth, Mr. Bogle Corbet, I did na find myself in my element yonder, and

so I just thought, that although repentance was a humiliation, I would come back to you."

"And what has become of your other son?"

"Oh, him! he's, ye ken, a souter; so hearing that trade was brisk at a place they ca' Syracuse, he put his heel in his neck ae morning, and whirled himself to that part, where, according to a letter, he is doing bravely."

"And the other—I see ye have brought him back with you; could not he find employment also?"

"There's, to be sure, no scant of work among the Yankies, if a man's heart lie that way; but Robin, poor lad, did na just gree wi the air of the country, and was ay making adversaries by threeping that Glasgow was a brawer town than Rochester; which among friends will no be denied, although an allowance should be made for the difference of eild. But the Yankies are a real upsetting folk, and have no a right restraint of moderation anent their own ferlies."

"I see, Peddie, by what you say, that the short and the long of it is, you did not find yourself quite so great a personage among them as you had expected to be."

“’Od ! It ’s weel kent, Mr. Bogle Corbet, that I’m no of an audacious disposition ; but homesever, I hae a fancy that a man may be more comfortable among his auld friends than worried to death by clishmaclavering new ones, that are aye argol-bargoling ; and so, upon a full meditation concerning the same, me and Robin packet up our ends and our awls, and hae come back to the King’s dominions, which is the next thing to a native land.”

Our conversation continued some time longer, but I could get no better reason out of him, than that he did not like the United States, and that he judged of the whole Union by the experience he had obtained in the State of New York.

Many of the emigrants, who follow the same course, show, on their return to the British colonies, the same kind of vague animosity. Others are occasionally actuated by more reasonable motives, no doubt—and some are often plucked of all their feathers before they think of returning. But it is not from their stories and reports that a correct idea is to be formed as to the respective advantages of emigrating

to Canada or the neighbouring country; to the tradesman, the man of skill, the State of New York is, without question, far preferable, simply because it is more populous, enterprising, and more thickly settled with manufacturers and merchants. The artisan has indeed but slender means of bettering his condition in Canada; to the agricultural labourer, however, it is indeed a land of promise, and will be so for many years, before it can become of equal importance to the indoor operative.

But to spare the reader from the tediousness of reflections so obvious, and which he can better make for himself, I was not ill pleased at the repentance of Peddie; for, as I have already intimated, the defection of Andrew Gimlet had been infectious, and some of my best settlers among the Glasgow emigrants had followed his example. Peddie had not, however, for some time, much cause to exult at his own return. Besides the inward sense of mortification which he suffered, and which he more than once said was an intolerable penalty, his former friends, though glad to welcome him again among them, gave him the nickname of

the Dove, and Robin that of the Olive Branch, while they never spoke of Gimlet but as the Raven that returned no more. The young man was indeed a loss to the settlement ever to be regretted; but it is some consolation to think he has himself no cause to be dissatisfied with the change, for I understand he is, what an American traveller, who knew him at Buffalo, called "a progressing man," and was a competitor for the contract to erect a fine steeple, with which the inhabitants of that flourishing town propose to adorn their last new church.

It is, however, this disposition to be shifting and roving, which does more harm to the emigrants, than all the hardships which they need encounter in making their settlement. Every new location that they hear of is always better than their own; and although a few soon make up their minds to remain where they are, exceptions of that kind do not impair the truth of the general rule. The worst of it also is, that their successors being often entire strangers, some time must always elapse before they can be treated with conciliatory confidence; and

when, as sometimes will be the case, delinquency breaks out among them, it never fails to be infectious. It is greatly to be lamented, that our Solons in Downing-street have never attempted to institute a code of laws to regulate colonists, after they shall have reached their locations. But it is not consistent with the due administration of statesmen that regulate themselves by file and precedent, to oppose the colonization of vices as well as persons.

CHAPTER XXIX.

FATHERLAND.

FOR some time after the return of the Dove with the Olive Branch, we had no occurrence of any moment either at Stockwell or Sylvany. Every thing proceeded quietly, and I felt that we began to grow. My domestic expenses during the first twelve months were all outlay; nothing was returned upon the capital employed on the twelve hundred acres; but as the clearings advanced, I was satisfied with the ultimate prospect. In the family, however, I began to have some foretaste of the good effects of our emigration. The live stock became productive; it not only supplied all we required for domestic purposes, but afforded a

surplus for the new farm. We had even luxuries, and our melons, reared in the open air, would, both in size and flavour, have been ornaments in Covent Garden Market.

But my cares also increased. My agricultural concerns required so much time, that I had but little to spare for the education of my children; and a schoolmaster was the nightly theme of discourse, mingled with regret that we had been so unfortunate as not to obtain the undivulged stranger—for we always spoke of him by that appellation, his name of Jocelyn furnishing no clue to the curiosity which the secrets of his previous life had excited.

Altogether the second summer was, though full of anxieties, much less vexatious than the first. The work was the same, but experience had oiled the wheels, and undertakings which I hesitated at first to engage in were no longer contemplated as formidable. No doubt, example contributed, as well as experience, to produce this equanimity; and I deemed the hours which I occasionally devoted to relaxation well employed in visiting the locations of my neighbours; for although they were not

on a scale equal in extent to mine, I perceived that many little useful manipulations might be learned from them.

It had thus happened, that from the time of our arrival at Sylvany, I had indulged in nothing foreign to my duties; nor indeed is there much temptation in the province, for, except the Falls of Niagara, the country affords no sight or spectacle which can well be called attractive. The Falls, however, are of themselves generally considered among the wonders of the world; and to have it long in your power without visiting them, is supposed to argue no inconsiderable lack of sensibility to the grandeur of Nature. In consequence, although my waterfall-days are pretty well over, I resolved with Mrs. Corbet that we should, in the course of the summer, perform the pilgrimage. To live within about seventy miles of them, and not to fulfil the obligation, would, I suspect, be regarded by many as something not less culpable than the omission of a moral duty.

Accordingly, when the season arrived, and

it was time to make a projected addition to our house, which the sudden colds of the winter had suggested, we undertook the journey on horseback, and, proceeding to Dundas-Street, went round the head of the Lake, by the road leading to the town of Hamilton. In the course of this ride we were delighted with the picturesque appearance of the country. The scene, without being mountainous, was cliffy and sylvan, wanting only ruins to be romantic. Few passages, if I may use the expression, in all Old England are so beautiful; for, with bolder alpine features than the landscape there, it has still a British look, and, although not so well cultivated, is populous and fertile.

Between the highway on the left, a level low plain reaches to the shores of Lake Ontario, and on the right the table-land rises suddenly, in many places precipitous, and often, from the very side of the road, to the height of several hundred feet, clothed with the primeval forest, in clumps or continued masses, here and there enlivened with little streams, inviting repose in pleasant nooks and Boscobel recesses.

Along this road, on the sides of the rising

ground, the elderly emigrant from the Old Country, who brings with him fresh recollections of its comforts and scenery, should pitch his tent. The woods and the wilderness are for those who, with younger years, have the enterprise that makes hardship, adventure, and labour, pastime. Mrs. Corbet, equally with myself, during the whole of our ride, regretted that we had so hastily closed our bargain for Sylvany ; not that in the price we had any thing to grudge, but we enjoyed in the far more improved circumstances of this country livelier glimpses of home. And we more than once expressed to each other, that considering the youth of our children, and that our aims were all directed to procure for them a remote advantage, it would have been wiser to have spent a year in freedom before finally determining the location of our land.

This, however, is not always within the means of emigrants to do, and we resolved to be content with our accidental selection, rejoicing that we had it in our power, as often as the solitude of the forest and the woodland toils in Nox annoyed, for they often did, to come

on such easy terms to Fatherland,—as we named this rural and alluring region.

At St. Katherine's we halted for the night. In anticipation of the advantages expected to spring from the Wellend Canal which rises there, a considerable town has already sprung up: perhaps, however, there may have been a little too much haste in the speculation, for as yet there is no trade to support the canal; the undertaking, however, is characteristic of the enterprise of the American mind. In the Old Country canals and railways are formed for the convenience of an existing commerce, but on this continent they constitute the most efficacious means for spreading colonization. By extending communications through the forest, and multiplying the means of conveyance, we make atonement for our usurpation of the wide and wild domains of the aborigines.

In the morning after leaving St. Katherine's, we took the road which leads inland, and though the general character of a broken surface continued, the views were, as Mrs. Corbet said, certainly less "engaging;" still the same beautiful resemblance, in outline, to England pre-

vailed, and when we reached the Queenstown Heights, the domesticated aspect of the country became even more similarly British.

After passing a simple rustic church with a rude steeple, which stands on the road-side, as it were on the edge of a common, although we had no view of the river Niagara, which there runs in a deep chasm, and is not visible from the highway, we heard the distant roar of the Falls, but the sound was less impressive than I expected ; mighty and dread it was however, growing upon the ear as we advanced, and more continuous than the breaking of the ocean in a storm on a shoally, far-off shore.

We had soon, through an opening in the trees, a view of the spray which ascends from the cataract, like the steam from the cauldron of a volcano ; but the sun was then high and on our shoulders, and we could not discover the iris which ever floats in it, and which travellers delight to describe as among the purest developements of colours that Nature exhibits. But such is the unreasonable expectations of man, even though Cybele here put forth her might to please, we suffered something like

disappointment; and to such a degree, that when we reached the hotel which overlooks the cataract itself, after giving our horses to the hostler, we sedately entered the house and considerably resolved not to look at it till we had taken some refreshment: a slight breeze at this moment moved the spray towards us, and the giant, as if he had for a moment turned his head, bellowed at us with wrath and everlasting roaring.

Forsyth's hotel, where we stopped, has some just pretensions to be considered magnificent. It has in front a huge colonnade, every pillar like the mast of a first-rate man-of-war, and almost as much out of proportion, and as large as those architectural monsters—the columns in front of the British Admiralty in Whitehall. The building is lofty, white painted, and with green Venetian blinds to the windows. Nothing of the sort can be more sumptuously imposing when seen from a distance; and although the interior does not come quite up to the expectation which the exterior inspires, still it is really a commendable house. There had

been, some time before, another similar hotel near the same spot, but it was burnt down.

At the period of our arrival, several stage-coaches were driving to the door, and an air of life and activity was visible around, highly delighting, as contrasted with the dull solitude we had left. It was indeed, as the Londoners say, so town-like and refreshing, you can't think ! "Dear me !" said Mrs. Corbet, "this is a cordial of comfort, after having lived so long out of the world. The very coaches are wagging their tails with gladness as they come along the road."

CHAPTER XXX.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

WE had come between fifty and sixty miles the preceding day to St. Katherine's, and I was a little fatigued by my ride, so that while our repast was preparing, and it was a late one, I felt no inclination to move. I was content to have reached the Falls, and satisfied with hearing their sound, and in being so near them.

When we had finished our refreshment, I was disposed to take a few glasses of wine, but the evening began to set in, and twilight grey had in her sober livery all things clad.

"If ye're disposed to look at the waterfall to-night, Bogle, you had as well go before it be quite dark," said my wife.

"Are not you going?" said I, somewhat

surprised at the manner in which the suggestion was offered.

“ Oh, there is no need ; I have seen them already.”

“ You have seen them ?—when ? how ?”

“ The house have given us the best bedroom, and when I was up before dinner, putting my head in order, I looked out at the window.”

“ Gracious ! you have seen them, and calmly eating your dinner afterwards ?”

“ They were just under me, leaping, rolling, roaring, and jumping, like mad.”

“ Mrs. Bogle Corbet, what do you say ?”

“ But,” she replied, “ for all that, I think them, upon the whole, very neat, and ’tis a pleasant prospect from the window.”

“ Neat ! what do you say, Mrs. Corbet ?—are my cars fellows ?—Neat !”

“ To be sure, but there is certainly an unaccountable and extravagant waste of water about them !”

“ Neat ! waste of water !—Neat ! extravagant waste of water ? Did you speak of the cataracts of Niagara, Urseline ?”

“What need you echo my words in that nonsensical manner?” said she; “if you will not take my report, go, and satisfy yourself, Bogle. What’s about a foolish river tumbling headlong over a rock? Is not one waterfall like another, though some are big and some are small? Go, Bogle, and be pacified; but of all the waterfalls that I have seen, the best is from the tea-kettle into the tea-pot:—by the time you come back I shall have an excellent cup ready for you.”

“Are you serious?”

“What would you have me do? we came here to see the Falls; I have seen them, you have not,—that’s all the difference between us: I thought you a man of more curiosity.”

Often have I had occasion to lament in my hidden heart the deficiency of poetical feeling in my spouse; but—but—and I then subjoined,

“And so, Urseline, you really have seen the Falls of Niagara?”

“Look at them, yourself, Bogle,” was her reply, “for they are so directly under the windows of the bed-room, that I’m sure neither of us will this night shut an eye.”

“Oh, Mrs. Bogle Corbet !”

“Ay, Mr. Bogle Corbet ; and I have a great mind to ask for a quieter room to the front of the house.”

“Wonders, miracles, and prophecies ! What have you seen ?”

“Seen ! just a great river tumbling a somerset over a rock. Didn’t I know well that nothing more was to be seen before I came ? Surely, Bogle Corbet, you never expected a waterfall was a river running up a rock ? my notions were more rational.”

“I have never met with any thing like this !” was my amazed reply.

“And to speak composedly,” was the answer, “nor did I either, but the cascade from the Serpentine, in Hyde Park, London——”

“For the love of Nature, hush ! how could that Cockney Niagara enter your imagination here !”

“Well, well, take it all your own way ; but, Bogle Corbet, you are a maggoty-minded man ; and I will say that no waterfall should be too big. Goodness ! Bogle Corbet, what would be

the consequence, were either you or I to take our mortal malady in this house, with that calamity roaring at our pillow. 'Tis as loud, I declare, as the half-tide at London Bridge."

I gave a deep sigh, and subjoined pensively, "I did think, Urseline, that you sometimes admired the beauties of Nature?"

"Surely, Bogle, you cannot mean to impose the Falls of Niagara upon me as a beauty of Nature?—a pretty like beauty!"

"Oh, Urseline, Urseline!"

"Oh, Bogle Corbet, Bogle Corbet, Oh!"

"But I ought to have known that you had no taste."

"I have seen the Falls, and that's more than you can say yet."

"And what did you think of them? Now tell me truly; for surely you have been making game of me all this time."

"Well, then, to end all debates, I think that they are—um—assuredly, they are not very comical; but don't you think now, Bogle, seriously, that they are noisy neighbours?"

"What did you think of them?"

“Nay, if you ask in the imperative mood, I'll not answer. You have your taste and I have mine.”

“Well, but, Urseline, let us not quarrel on the subject; tell me how they did strike you?”

“Just as a great falling of water, that's my idea of them: can you give any better?”

“You must be purposely provoking me, woman!—a great falling of water!”

“What else are they? Had they been beer or brandy they would have been more wonderful!”

“I am astonished, and beginning to be confounded,” was my dejected ejaculation, at hearing such absurdities coming from a woman really not senseless, and I said with a smile of the utmost serenity, “And so, Urseline, you think the Falls of Niagara consist but of falling waters?”

“In sober truth, Bogle, and to make no more ado about the matter, I really think so.”

“And you are satisfied with what you have seen?”

“I am.”

“ And you will not go with me to look at them ?”

“ I ’ll not refuse to go with you, but I have seen them already.”

“ Under our bed-room window ?”

“ Under our bed-room window.”

“ What would you say were the moon made of green cheese ?”

“ That it was not like the Falls of Niagara.”

“ Angels and ministers of grace defend us !
—Urseline !”

“ Come, come,” was her mollifying answer ;
“ here, Bogle, take your hat, that ’s a well-disposed creature ; and by the time the tea ’s made you shall have quenched your curiosity.”

I snatched the hat half in anger, saying,
“ Woman, woman !” and walked into the field behind the hotel, where I did behold the mighty spectacle, and was back in excellent time for tea, after tasting which Mrs. Corbet judiciously observed, that the tea in Canada is of a well-flavoured sort, but she did not think the water at the Falls of Niagara was so good as our own spring at Sylvany.”

I must, however, indulge in no reflections; but when one considers how much it is the custom to be enthusiastic about the grandeur of all fashionable lions, perhaps there was more of simple nature in Mrs. Corbet's feelings at the Falls than in those of many of the other visitors, were we to judge by their far-fetched and inflated phraseology.

CHAPTER XXXI.

STRANGERS AT THE FALLS.

NEXT morning was moist and grey; the vapour from the cataract rose in vast volumes, and the damp grass along the precipice rendered walking uncomfortable; the sun hid himself till noon, and the lowering air affected the spirits, not however to such a degree as to check travelling, but we kept at home and sat in the front balcony, (the Falls are behind the house,) and, as Mrs. Corbet says, diverted ourselves by looking at the stage-coaches, and the lean and long-tailed Yankey oddities that they brought and carried away.

Among other passengers who came to the house was a tall, meagre young man, of a pale, parson-like physiognomy. As he stepped out

of the coach, he had a book in the one hand, and a small hair-covered trunk in the other ; which, however, was not all his baggage, for the driver brought out at the same time, from the hind boot, another considerable trunk, with a cloak, a pair of boots, and an umbrella strapped upon it. Before he came into the house, he gave the coachman a gratuity, which convinced us he was a new-comer, as it is not the practice in this province, nor in the United States, to give any gift of the kind.

“ What can he be ? ” said my wife ; “ he must surely be one of the missionary cattle, or a schoolmaster.”

“ We shall probably soon learn,” I replied, “ for he evidently intends to stop at the hotel for the night.”

“ As you are always, Bogle, repining that the undivulged stranger escaped from you, perhaps this dungeon of wit will accept your offer for the boys.”

“ I have been thinking so too, and if he should, I shall not regret our journey.”

“ Nor I ; for in truth, Bogle Corbet, it is a foolish thing for people to ride so many miles

for nothing: I wish we could fall in with something to do, since we are here, were it only to retrieve our discretion."

"But how shall we proceed with the stranger? he seems to be a shy and dry young man."

"He has, indeed," replied Mrs. Corbet, "all the natural awkwardness of college learning; but as that is a sign of simplicity, you may throw yourself in his way—and in the way of a by the by, invite him to take tea with us."

Glad to have something to do, being heartily tired of the unceasing noise of the cataract, and the business being in unison with my wishes, which had been gradually growing more anxious and irksome on account of my children, I went down from the balcony, but the stranger had disappeared. I looked about for him in vain; so, concluding he had gone to his own room, I returned to the house and rejoined my wife, who was then in our parlour, and seeing me enter, she said,

"I hope you have not seen him, he will never do."

"How! what reason have you to think so?"

“ I doubt he’s not in his right mind, for I saw him from the bed-room window, down at the edge of the Falls, making adorations with his hands and arms, as if the waters were something monstrous. He’ll never do for our boys, for I suspect he’s a genie.”

“ Let us not, Urseline, decide too quickly ; every one cannot contemplate this unparalleled scene with such indifference as you.”

“ Now that, Bogle, comes well to me—who saw the Falls first and so long before you—for, if you will be poetical about them, still let that matter-of-fact be remembered.”

It was impossible to reply to such a rigid dogma, so without saying a word, I went immediately down to the table-rock, where the enthusiast was still standing, rapt like *Penseroso* commercing with the skies. The noise of the cataract prevented him from hearing my approach till I was at his elbow—and said,

“ This is, indeed, a stupendous scene !”

He glanced at me for a moment, and then replied, turning his eyes again towards the steaming turbulence of the horse-shoe fall,

“ The sublime of energy !—till this sight is

seen, we can form no just conception of the power that may be in Nature. The rage of the ocean, with its countless waves, is but a passion in detail. This is the immense of simplicity ; could we stand on the outside of a planet's orbit, and see the vast globe rolling along, at the velocity of thousands of miles an hour, it would not furnish a livelier, visible image of Omnipotence !”

“ Don't you think,” said Mrs. Corbet, who had followed me unheard, “ that it would be nicely improved were a tasteful Chinese summer-house erected on the corner of the island yonder ?”

The student looked at her — such a look ! I burst into a fit of laughter, while he, with a sidelong flash of indignation, walked away.

Mrs. Corbet significantly touched her forehead, and linking me by the arm, drew me towards the hotel, out of the showering spray. We had not, however, advanced many paces, when we met two travellers, who were intending to cross by the ferry, below the Falls. They were evidently strangers, and by their

garb and language New Englanders. The one was a person of about my own age, the other considerably younger.

The oldest was dressed in the usual fashion of his countrymen, with loose trowsers, a long olive-coloured great coat, a straw-hat, turned up like a clergyman's behind, with a piece of faded crape round it. The younger was more spruce. He wore a short coat, a striped-waistcoat, of a pattern as glowing as the national ensign, his neck bare, the shirt-collar being tied by a slender black neckcloth, or ribbon, and he had a hat with a crown that emulated the tower of Babel, covered with a furry nap, blown by the breath into so many swirls or roses.

They paused as they approached us on the path, and after looking at the deafening cataracts for about the space of a minute, the younger said,—

“ Well, if this ben't an almighty particular riot, I a'n't Reuben Roddice !”

“ Such water privilege !” cried the old man.

“ I guess it suckles the ocean-sea considerable,” rejoined Reuben.

“Such an everlasting head of water surely it does leak from,” exclaimed his more arithmetical friend; “I calculate there ben’t no such other uncontestable privilege nowhere.”

Reuben did not at once reply, but looking again at the Falls, said:

“Cousin Lishy, he does speak of a dreadful privilege in the ocean’s tide, which makes Malachi Bran’s saw-mill at the shore to hop twice a-day backwards; but it aint such a god-head as this; though all the summer he has an anarchy of water, when the creek is as dry as a chimney.”

Just at this juncture Mrs. Corbet tugged at my arm, saying, “How could I stand listening to such blasphemy?” and she drew me towards the house, whither I went with the less reluctance, as the Yankees, having satisfied their admiration, turned their back on the Falls, and went towards Clarke’s road, which slants down the precipice to the ferry.

The sunshine next morning being bright and calm, and the Iris in the spray a brilliant goddess, we made a party to cross to the American side. It is an expedition that the

nervous should not venture on ; but the cataract cannot be seen to such advantage as from about the middle of the river. Mrs. Corbet, in stepping into the boat, stumbled, and falling, seat foremost, sat in the bottom, immovable, till we had reached the other bank, for she fancied that in her fall she had started a plank, and if she moved we should all be drowned.

CHAPTER XXXII.

OPINIONS OF THE FALLS.

IN returning to the hotel, I observed the parson-like stranger in the public room with several ladies and gentlemen, and being still persuaded that he might prove a suitable tutor for our boys, I suggested to Mrs. Corbet, that instead of going to our own parlour we should join them, and that I would take some opportunity of sounding him on the subject.

On seating ourselves, we found all the talk was of the wonders of the Falls, and the inability of man to describe their grandeur, or to give adequate expression to the sentiments with which the sight inspires every beholder. I said nothing of their effect on Mrs. Corbet, but, in perfect sincerity with allusion to my own

feelings, that they did not always answer the expectations of visitors, chiefly however, I believed, in consequence of the nakedness of the scenery.

“Yes,” said one of the ladies, “they would certainly have been more striking had they come from between two great mountains, with the lake seen beyond, and ships sailing on its surface.”

I thought of the Chinese temple suggested by Mrs. Corbet for Goat Island; and the student turning suddenly upon the gentlewoman, said sternly,

“Madam, can you improve Nature?”

“I don’t,” she replied, with something of satire in her accent; “but some ladies do attempt it, both with white and red.”

His visage was for a moment flushed with scorn, and he said,

“People who can blend ridiculous ideas with such solemnities, are not fit pilgrims to this stupendous shrine.”

By an arch cast of the lady’s eyes as he uttered this rebuke, I saw she was not very

worshipfully inclined, particularly when he added,

“To me every thing around is animated with poesy. Sublimity is here as it should be where Nature is so majestic;—simple—vast—only water and a great noise.”

The lady resolutely prevented her lips from laughing, but her eyes could not be controlled, as an elderly, grave-looking American, to whose party she belonged, said, with a wink to me,

“Young gentleman, you have odd ideas.”

Mr. Clavis, as the clerical-looking stranger was called, however, paid no attention, but continued,

“This is no scene for the drudging mind; but hallowed ground, where sacred thoughts and unseen entities, combined with ancient rocks and streams of measureless predominance, have set their seals to give us the assurance of a cataract.”

“What a fine style of language!” whispered Mrs. Corbet, and the waggish lady opposite looked as she were sick.

But Mr. Clavis, heedless of her condition, proceeded,

“ I shall never cease to remember what I have this day enjoyed. It seemed, as I gazed on the matchless spectacle, as if all the energies of creation were at work. I felt the muse descend, and uttered these unpremeditated verses.

“ Come, ye nymphs, whose eyes, like dew,
Twinkle these green branches through ;
Whose timid steps are only heard,
When rustling wind, or hopping bird,
Stirs the fallen leaves so sear ;
Come, ye wood nymphs, softly here ;
Softly come, and with you bring
Flowers and fragancies of Spring—
With the ripen'd apple's blushes,
Peeping forth the bowery bushes,
Bashful, whisp'ring, they appear—
Lo ! the wood nymphs, nigh and near !—
'To the thund'ring waterfall.—

“ That's, surely, lovely poetry,” said Mrs. Corbet to me, “ but I don't understand it.”

The dry old gentleman, who had before spoken, overhearing her, interpreted,

“ He probably invites the settlers' wives to rinse their linen in the Falls.”

“ I never would permit a rag of mine to be in such jeopardy,” replied Mrs. Corbet : “ But don’t you think him a most learned man ?” and lowering her voice, she added, “ We are in great want of a tutor.”

“ He will not do,” cried I, fearful of what might follow ; and as if some secret sympathy had at the same time touched all present, we began to talk in separate groups, and Mr. Clavis found no opportunity of rehearsing more of his verses, nor even of resuming the thread of his discourse, for, when he attempted, the merry-minded lady turned towards a quiet, unobtrusive young man, and inquired what he thought of the Falls ?

“ You sit silent, Mr. Pomfret ; do tell us what you think of them ?”

“ Really, Miss Fanny, what can I say,” replied the gentleman, “ but that they are vastly greater than any thing of the kind I have ever seen ?”

“ He ’s a sensible gentleman,” whispered my wife.

“ No doubt of it,” replied Mr. Clavis, “ they are the greatest Falls *you* have ever seen.”

The lady turned round tartly, and said,

“And where, Sir, have *you* seen any greater?”

The interrogation again set the company adrift; and at this moment the waiter announcing dinner, I proposed to Mrs. Corbet that we should go to the public table, and countermand the dinner we had ordered later in our own parlour. Nor have I had cause to repent that I did so; for, on taking our places at the table, I had the good fortune to sit beside Mr. Pomfret, whom, in the course of conversation, I found a plain, well-educated young man, and I afterwards engaged him to reside with us as a tutor; an engagement which has proved beneficial to my own boys, as well as to the three younger Evelyns, whom, on account of their grandmother's infirm health, we have taken to live with us,—but not altogether from such a charitable motive. For Dungowan pays the half of his salary, and, as he has become attached to the children, I have more of his society than I could have by any other arrangement. The visits of a well-bred man of the gentlemanly world, let me tell the courteous

reader, are not in the woods so plentiful as blackberries.

But I should not thus abruptly conclude the account of our visit to the Falls; for, after I had ascertained the qualifications of Mr. Pomfret, and his willingness to accept my offer, I was induced to wait a few days till he could obtain his testimonials from Canandagua. The time, as the weather was fine, and the company in the hotel disposed to be social and agreeable, passed cheerfully. But after the first day, the Falls, though within little more than a hundred and fifty yards of us, were never spoken of with reference to their character. Indeed, as Mrs. Corbet said, they were no longer troublesome neighbours, for she did not mind their roaring more than the singing of the tea-urn. A comparison which hugely provoked the indignation of the classical Mr. Clavis, who proved to be a travelling Fellow of Cambridge, in England, and who, with all his Greek and Latin, as my wife told him, was scarcely fit to be a heathen god.

However, saving his enthusiastic affectations, follies which it is the end and business of col-

lege cloisters to cure, he was, in other respects, a pleasant gentleman, and endured the raillery of the witty-minded lady with the greatest good-humour for two days on every topic but the Falls; on the third he was less sensitive, and Mrs. Corbet remarked to me that on the fourth he was become rational.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE MILL.

WHEN we returned to Sylvany, and Mr. Pomfret was installed in his trust, our second harvest was ripened. The crop was considerable, and I disposed of it to such advantage, that there was a fair prospect of the proceeds being next year likely to do more than indemnify me for the disbursements. This is not, however, the case with the labouring emigrants, who are indebted only to the exertions of their own strength; but it is an advantage on which those who are in better circumstances may safely calculate. In the fifth year, I am assured, an industrious man of the poorer class may be in a condition to commence paying something towards the cost of his land; but I

fear the exceptions are more numerous than the rule, so much depends on the aid his own family may be able to render. Seven years would be a more judicious period to estimate. I saw, however, that an emigrant with money may count with certainty on being able, by judicious outlay, to derive an income from the second harvest. I did not, however, see this so plainly until taught by experience.

But as the product of the clearings increased, we felt the inconvenience arising from the want of mills. None had been erected within twenty miles of Nox, and the settlers who had their little packets of wheat to grind, were often exposed to much inconvenience. It was not to me of so much importance as to the others, for I had brought from England a hand-mill with which we supplied ourselves with ordinary household flour, and a barrel of fine now and then from the store, prevented the family from ever having any just cause of complaint. Still the hardship which the want of a mill occasioned to my tenants and neighbours, induced me to entertain a project for erecting one.

In this affair the speculative spirit of the

American mind was, as I conceive, strongly manifested. Before finally deciding on the undertaking, I consulted many of my neighbours, whom, from the time they had resided in the province, I deemed the most likely to advise me correctly, but I found all their notions preposterous. What I proposed was a mill to serve the settlement ; and yet I could not divest them of the idea, that if I undertook to raise one at all it should be also for commercial purposes, and in consequence every estimate and calculation of the expense was far beyond my means to attempt. However, without being quite sure that my own notions were wiser than their's, I determined that our mill should be simple and small, such as the existing population only required.

I had not, however, fairly begun the work, when I observed, by confabulations among the inhabitants at Stockwell and in other parts of the township, that some project was hatching, and I conjectured it related to the mill. Nor was I long left in doubt, for a number of the settlers came to me in a body one morning with a proposal, that instead of the homely machinery

which it was known to them I intended to construct, a subscription should be raised among them, and that a mill on a larger scale should be built and become the property of the subscribers.

The scheme was feasible—no possible objection could be made to it, but then—there was not as much money among all the squad who proposed to unite, as would pay a tenth part of the probable cost of the edifice, and had I not by that time been in possession of some practical knowledge of the customs of the country, prudence would have directed me at once to reject the proposal. But having learnt that there is much more of the co-operative spirit abroad on this continent than can well be conceived by those who have never witnessed the energy with which improvements are conducted by the Americans, I entertained the project with patience and a favourable ear.

I found the scheme had been concerted with thought and care, and had originated with a settler from the United States. In England no just notion prevails of what may be accomplished by the poor man who has only his

strength to contribute ; but here it is otherwise, and the fair value of a contribution of labour is perfectly understood. The party desirous of having the prospective plan of the mill adopted, had subscribed a paper, declaring the number of days' labour which they respectively would give, valuing each day's at the current rate. In so far it may, therefore, be supposed that the main difficulty to the undertaking was overcome, and undoubtedly it was so on paper ; but I had no work to do that required so much assistance, so that another unforeseen difficulty arose from that cause.

The subscribers accordingly left me a good deal down in the mouth when they heard this, and went away with their American leader, churming to each other of the disappointment.

This interview took place at Stockwell, and I observed during the remainder of the day an obvious restlessness among the settlers. Their work was suspended ; they assembled in threes and fours, and Angus M'Quistein was a busy man among them. The American Zebede, L. Bacon, who had been the leader of the subscription, was, with fewer words, no less active ;

in short, I saw they were brewing something, but could not imagine what.

When my horse was brought out, and I was on the point of mounting to return in the evening to Sylvany, Bacon came to me alone. He was a plain and demure-looking elderly person, less remarkable in his dress than his countrymen in general; I had not seen him before that day, but I had heard his shrewdness often commended, and always with some expression of wonder that a man so intelligent should not have been more prosperous, though it could not be said he had ever been either imprudent or unfortunate. He was not, however, naturally of an alert character,—on the contrary, of a thoughtful, ruminating kind; no man could give sounder counsel to his neighbours, nor discern more clearly the tendency of present events. With so much of the common impress of his countrymen about him as to leave no doubt of his nativity, he was yet singular without exhibiting the slightest attribute of eccentricity, or any humour foreign to good common sense, and a sober conduct

studious to avoid remark : I am, however, describing him rather as I afterwards found him, than as he appeared on the occasion alluded to.

For as he appeared then, there was nothing otherwise more remarkable about him than his intelligence and sagacity. He was not exactly what in Scotland is called a gash man—one who talks much, a little arrogantly, but still to the purpose—for he was slow in speech, even to tediousness, with not the slightest tincture of self-sufficiency ; still what he said was judicious, and plainly the result of well-considered thought. One of his observations at the time struck me as a curious specimen of the nature of his reflections. He was speaking of the progress of the country.

“The gentleman should make it his consideration,” said he, “that this is a new country, and is progressing from other than natural roots. We have not only children born among us as fast as they can be made, but flocks of immigrants every year, all fathers and mothers, with their small children—over and above. So

the gentleman, I guess, should make his calculations for the spec of that there mill, not on what the settlement is, but by what, with the nourishmentality of God's blessing, it may be. Therefore I swear he is no Solomon, not at all, who would go for to 'rect a mill, and let the futures live as egg-creetres, what eat corn ungrinded, like horses."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

WINTER WORKS.

HE explained to me his views in proposing the labour-subscription.

“ Though thee hast not,” said he, “ no call for the ’scription, there is Ivor Dingwall who has. Put on paper what Quistein he has ’scribed, and swap it for what the gentleman wants, that Ivor Dingwall will sell, and done’s the bargain.”

In short he suggested with, what I deemed, considerable ingenuity, that the subscribers should give me each what is called a bon for the respective number of days’ labour they were willing to contribute to the erection of the mill, and that purchasers would be found for these bons among those who had work to do.

This new species of paper currency pleased

me excessively, and I consented at once to suspend my own work, and to commence a mill on a larger scale, so soon as two-thirds of the bons should be disposed of; with, however, some fear in my own mind that it probably would be a tedious work. To my surprise, however, it proved far otherwise: before the end of November, the stipulated number of the bons was sold, and, although the amount in money received for them was not important, a supply of necessary merchandise, and other articles always in demand, both in the settlement, and in the general township, was obtained, and we were thus, in the course of the winter, in good condition to construct the mill-dam.

The construction of a mill-dam, in Canada, during the winter, had never occurred to me as practicable; but, by the instructions of this shrewd American, it was commenced with great vigour.

As soon as the first snow fell, he selected in the forest the fittest trees for his purpose, the trunks of which, by the assistance of the snow, he easily drew to the spot. Across the river Slant he laid a row for his first layers, and

upon these he placed a range of short pieces, with the one end in the stream and the other resting on the layers. On these again he placed two parallel lines of others also across the stream, and likewise, on them another tier of beams. When thus, with alternate layers across the river, with tiers of others upon them, dipping into the water, he had built the embankment of the dam, he laid planks upon it, and made it tight and serviceable. The mill-house was undertaken with equal simplicity and effect.

With this work, in the water during winter, I found myself greatly interested. The means were at once with so much simplicity and effect adapted to the end, that it was impossible to contemplate the proceedings without pleasure, or sufficiently to admire the fortitude with which Bacon partook himself of the labour, encouraging by his example the others to persevere. And yet with all this skill in discerning the easiest means of accomplishing his purposes, and with a steadiness in the pursuit of his object that merited no small measure of praise, when it was done, he fell back into

his wonted listlessness, giving his time seemingly to inconclusive reveries and indolence.

But the lesson he had taught the Scotchmen in the subscription, was not lost after the mill was finished. It was resorted to for another object in the summer—the building of a kirk. I was, however, obliged to check their readiness to issue bonds for labour, as I soon foresaw that, like other paper-coiners, they would grant orders for more than they could pay or perform. It must, however, be allowed, that the contrivance of such a plan of subscription, in a country where money is scarce and labour in request, deserved the praise of being the invention of a clear head.

When the mill was completed, which was before the reaping of our third harvest, and before more than the foundations were allowed to be laid of the house of worship, we had frequent clerical visitors, of various denominations, who came to spy the Christian capabilities of the inhabitants.

The first was a Catholic priest, a calm, respectable young man ; but as all the settlers at Stockwell, and generally throughout the town-

ship, were Presbyterians, he judiciously abstained on his first visit from attempting to celebrate the mass ; a forbearance the more commendable, as there has never been any legal impediment to that worship in the province. Here, indeed, the administration of the Roman rites is conducted with great discretion, and, I may safely say, with no other arts of conversion than those which have the recommendation of blamelessness and charity.

We had also several visits from members of the Presbyterian ministry, and, indeed, were beginning to gravitate into a congregation. Their conduct was also exemplary, as well as that of an occasional visitor of the Episcopalian Church Missionary Society ; so that upon the whole the most rigid of the righteous amongst us had no cause to moan for lack of Gospel fodder. The largest lapfuls were, however, brought by the Methodists, who, in addition to the impulse of the spirit, are stimulated by the ordinary sordid motives of human industry, being entirely dependent on the benefactions of their hearers.

I should fail, however, to give a fair account

of our religious aliment, were I to dismiss the subject with such a general notice. The emigrant must prepare himself not always to meet with reverential pastors — if they may be called pastors, whose visits, like those of the angels, are few and far between — but to lay his account occasionally to meet with strange examples not altogether apostolical.

One Sunday, in consequence of some previously concerted arrangement, several children of Catholic parents were brought in from the neighbouring settlements to be baptized by the Catholic priest, who was to pass by Stockwell ; and, in consequence, the shelter-house was lent for the ceremony, and a very considerable assembly of all the differing Christians took place—some for worship and some for curiosity. One was actuated by less innocent motives, and he was a Methodist preacher.

As soon as the priest had dressed and consecrated the altar for the ceremony of the baptism, this Mr. Fagotter was observed to come in and sit down without uncovering, when, to the amazement not only of me but of all present, James Peddie, the Dove, rose and soberly took

it off, and placing it on the knees of him who would not bow in the house of Rimmon, returned with the utmost coolness to his seat.

The rebuke, however, was but of momentary effect, for with the spirit of the godly Janet Geddes at the reading of the liturgy in St. Giles's, Edinburgh, he spread his fingers before his eyes and peered through them to his friends in such a manner of mockery as to disturb their gravity. Encouraged by the example that the Dove had set of the propriety of enforcing the decorum due to the ceremonies which he might have shunned by staying away, two young men, indignant at his irreverence, went to where he was sitting and with the most sedate silence took him under the arms and carried him to the door, where one of them convinced him of his error by a most effectual application of his foot to a sensitive part.

But similar annoyances to good feelings are not frequent, and it would deserve great reprobation were it for an instant supposed that this case is adduced as a custom, or at all a practice among the Methodist preachers towards their brethren of either of the older priesthoods ;

indeed, I should have omitted to mention it but for an incident to which it gave rise. Intolerance towards the opinion of others is no proof of rectitude or purity in ourselves.

CHAPTER XXXV.

PENITENCE AND PENANCE.

MR. FAGOTTER being thus coercively excommunicated, went to and fro among the cottages, and in his roaming came to Peter Foddie's house, the door of which being open he entered. Foddie himself, the most patient of the human race, was not in—he, though a rigid Antiburgher, was led by curiosity to the idolatrous baptism, that he might obtain some insight into the devices of the Scarlet Madam, and learn how to fortify himself to eschew her wiles and devices; but his wife, whose occasional exploits I have already delicately alluded to, was sitting by the fire-side, somewhat dishevelled in her wits, vehemently sobbing and shedding many tears, on account of the abomination of the baptism.

On seeing the worthy Saint enter, she addressed him in the most pathetic terms concerning the service of Satan that was then performing, and the affliction of her poor sinful soul for the slack fortitude of her husband, who had not the strength wherewithal to withstand the allurements of the Papistical Dalilah.

Mr. Fagotter, moved at the sight of her loneliness, shut the door behind him, and taking a seat beside her, entered into a consolatory discourse concerning the sin that doth most easily beset us. In this pleasant dalliance of the spirit, they had continued some time, when the whole congregation assembled at the baptism, were terrified by the loudest and shrillest shrieks of woe and desperation. They were heard approaching—every one rose—every dog barked, and the doors and windows were instantly replete with faces.

The cause of the alarm could not be imagined; but, to the astonishment of all, there was Lucky Foddie, with her hair flying in the wind, her kerchief gone, and her bosom bare, one hand aloof, frequently descending in blows, and the other clutching the black, oily, and pious

locks of Mr. Fagotter, who, with the meekness of a martyr, seemed incapable of withstanding the energy of her furor.

The priest and the parents of the infants, on seeing this sight, returned back to the altar; but the rest of the congregation, and I among them, went towards Susannah and the Elder. Foddie himself went with us, and when near the raging lioness and her prey, said,

“Hoot toot, hoot toot, my woman, what for are ye making siccan a rippet in this gait on the Sabbath day? Let the man a bee, I beseech you, Janet, for it’s really, my woman, no just in the spirit of Christianity, to be raising a hobleshaw like this on the Lord’s Day.”

She relaxed the talons with which she held her victim, and turning her fury on her husband, gave him three of the most emphatic benedictions of her nerves between the shoulders, insomuch that I was obliged to interpose, or I verily believed she would have executed the threat with which she accompanied her blows, namely, “That she would ding the breath of life out o’ his body.”

“Hold,” said I, “hold your hand—what

has your unoffending husband done?—and what is all this about?”

“About!” replied the virago, “did na he leave me like the woman in the wilderness, to fa’ into the clutches of this red dragon?”

At this juncture, the poor disjasket Mr. Fagotter seeing an opening in the crowd by which he might escape, rushed to do so, but the women, one and all, shouted in one breath,

“Keep him—haud him—ride the stang on him!”

Now considering the evidence against him, this appeared to me rather hasty justice, so I again interposed to protect him, until the extent of his guilt should be ascertained.

“There can be no doubt of it!” cried several of the women at once — “Punish him—hanging’s o’er good.”

“But Janet, my woman,” said Foddie, “what for are ye in siccan a terrible pawshion? What, has Mr. Fagotter been meddling wi’ you, my woman?”

“Out of my way, ye snuff of a creusy,” cried the indignant matron, pushing her lord aside, and coming towards the other women.

“ Judge what I suffered ! ‘ first with the stockings and syne with the shoon ;’ as the song of Logan water sings. But I trow he’s got the glaiks for his fee.”

“ Tell us how it happened ?” said the wife of M’Quistein.

“ Happened !” exclaimed Mrs. Foddie, and in the same moment bursting into violent tears, cried aloud with sobs intermingled with yells, “ I’m a ruined-woman, my character’s gone ! Oh that a living soul should say ‘ happened to me !’ ”

“ But,” said I, a little displeased at the protraction of the tumult, “ what is all this about : what has been done ? ”

“ It is all owing to the bringing in of Papistry into the land,” replied the afflicted lady : “ if it had not been the papistical sin o’ this day, would nae the Never-do-well hae been preaching the words of peace and holiness, instead of meddling with me, with his cloven foot, in the lown time of public worship ? ”

Her rage was by this abated, and she had recovered in some degree her scattered senses.

“ Tell us what has been done ? ” I repeated.

“ Nothing has been done,” cried she, “ I took good care of that; but he came slipping like a gradlowa doctor intill a sick room, and he took a stool beside me, and he spoke compassionately of the error of their ways at the christening, and I sympathized with him; and we were in a godly comfortableness, and he laid his hand on my knee. But I had no fear—and—but I trow he soon got his fairing.”

“ What gart you meddle wi’ my wife, ye”—said the husband, waxing into “ siccan an o’er muckle a’ fire”, and going up to the culprit, who with a sanctimonious voice said aloud,

“ Can truth come from the lips of intemperance? Is it not true that she was wanton with strong drink?—Heed her not, she talks like one of the foolish women.”

At this audacity all the other women gave a shout, and Mrs. M’Quistein ran towards him with her hands stretched out like eagle’s claws, crying, “ He ought to be torn from limb to limb, for to deny the fact was worse than all.

“ I’m thinking, Janet,” said meek Mr. Foddie, “ that he ’s but a black sheep.”

“An ye’re a black ram,” was her answer, lifting at the same moment her hand to strike him; but as if her returning sense of propriety came by fits, she suddenly paused, and giving a wild intelligent glance around, covered her face with her hands, and wept with tones of affecting contrition.

Hitherto the scene had been for some time rather comic, but it was instantly changed, and all present turned their eyes towards her, regarding her with silence and compassion. Her husband, after a few minutes, took her gently by the hand to lead her away, but she withdrew it, and looking about, cried out with accents of the most piercing grief,

“Let no rightful creature touch me, for I am a shame to womankind. Oh! why am I so forsaken of the mercy of Heaven, as to be allowed to put myself in such a state!” And again, almost choked with agitation, she moved homeward, her husband following at some distance.

No sooner was she in her own house and the door shut, than one of the two young fellows who

had still hold of the delinquent by the collar said, "Mess John, you must come with us," — all the crowd gave a loud huzza, and they dragged him to the mill-dam. But what they did with him there would not become a justice of the peace to relate that he had witnessed without displeasure.

Events of this kind become important, from the general tranquil current of our time, but they have also a curiously infectious tendency, and never to the advantage of a settlement. On the Sunday following, another Methodistical preacher paid us a visit, but such had been the effect of Fagotter's conduct that he was not treated with common civility, and yet he was a far different kind of man. Generally these self-constituted teachers are low-bred and illiterate, but this one merited to be regarded as an exception. He was mild in his manners, modest and retiring, and had much of the air and gentleness of a good shepherd. However, he could not muster a congregation, which was the more to be regretted, as no other came to us for several weeks, and there seemed to be

some risk that the institution of the day of rest, the poor man's day, would be forgotten. That it was in more than one instance neglected, I grieve to say. But to proceed with the narrative.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

AN EVENT.

ALTHOUGH we have not yet had our township decorated with a gibbet, the philosophical reader will have discerned by the foregoing chapter that we are advancing with considerable celerity in the way of refinement. The consequences of the ducking did not, however, end with the drying of Mr. Fagotter's clothes, for he has gone to law with the two young men who were busiest in the fray, and expects a satisfactory solatium. I have not, however, had leisure to interfere farther in the business, in consequence of an occurrence still more extraordinary than the discovery of the relationship between Mrs. Paddock and Dungan.

In the course of the following afternoon Dugowan came to Sylvany; and the moment he entered, I perceived by his countenance that something extraordinary had happened, but without making any remark, I only inquired, with some slight inflexion of emphasis, how all things were proceeding at Stockwell. He made me, however, no answer, his whole mind being evidently absorbed in the matter of his own thoughts.

“There’s something in the wind,” whispered Mrs. Corbet aside to me, with her usual sagacity; “what can it be? has Sam done a mischief to any of the Evelyns—that boy’s a perfect provocative.”

I made no reply, but I knotted my brows, and signified to her by a frown to say nothing. After some few awkward minutes had elapsed, he requested me to walk out with him, and when we had moved a few paces from the house, towards a by-path through the forest, which considerably abridges the road to Stockwell, he turned, and said with a significant smile,

“There is surely some animal magnetism about this place, which attracts to it the widest

dispersed of the living. Would you believe that Jocelyn has returned ?”

“ Has he given you permission,” replied I, “ to tell me his——?”

“ He has, and that is not the least of the wonder.”

“ Who is he ? what is he ?—you indeed astonish me.”

“ The brother-in-law of my cousin Mrs. Paddock.”

“ Not possible !”

“ It is only probably true.”

“ But how has the discovery been made ?”

“ Been revealed, say rather. It has come to light like a hidden murder.”

“ You amaze me. The story that one of his companions told me of his being almost a foundling, seemed to preclude every chance of discovering his friends. How has it been made ? why has he come back ?”

“ Be less eager in your questions, Mr. Corbet, and I shall the sooner satisfy you.”

“ But we have now a teacher.”

“ No matter, for he will still not accept the office, so let that pass.”

“ Well, then, do tell me about him, I never was so interested in the look and manner of any other man in my life.”

“ You will not let me begin, you are so impatient that I should—”

“ I am dumb, proceed.”

“ Having conducted his companions to the head of the lake, he fell in with the gentleman you call the Doctor, who enticed them to the Company’s lands. Being thus freed of his charge, he then proceeded towards Lake Erie, where, at the mouth of the Grand river, he found a vessel in which he embarked for Buffalo, determined to shun Canada in consequence of meeting with me here, for he had resolved to hide the remainder of his days in the humblest obscurity.”

“ Who is he?”

“ Oh, you can speak, I thought you were dumb. But to go on with my story.

“ Almost immediately on reaching Buffalo he was seized with the lake-fever, and brought to death’s door. However, he got at last round the corner, but remained for several months in a helpless state. While in this condition, your old factotum Gimlet, who is there, become a

prosperous gentleman, hearing of his distress, and that he was a countryman, sought him out, and did the part of a true raven to him, as if he had been Elijah in the wilderness."

"This is most extraordinary!"

"What! speaking again. Gimlet treated him as a brother, took him to his house, and made as much of him as if he had been a very Caliban. He gradually grew stout and well, but Gimlet's kindness did not end with his care. Finding him a clever penman and arithmetician, accomplishments in which, though so right-handed a fellow, Gimlet is not perfect, he persuaded him to become his clerk, and gratitude made him more assenting to the proposal than our offer to take him for a dominie."

"I am all ear, Dungowan."

"I'm glad of it, Mr. Bogle Corbet, you can have no such unruly member as a tongue. But I am coming to the marrow of the matter; when he had been some time with Gimlet, they gradually became more and more intimate. They talked of old campaigns, and among other things, and with many injunctions of the most sacred secrecy, he mentioned that he had

been here ; Gimlet did the same, and after some talk about you—nothing good, you may be sure—”

“ What ill could they say of me ? ”

“ There now !—but perhaps it was good, I never asked ; but from less to more, they spoke of Mrs. Paddock and the Evelyns, whose unhappy birth that dog Sam so incontinently disclosed, to molest us all.”

“ What then ? ”

“ What then ?—Paddock, Paddock ! ” says the lone gentleman, “ I have a letter signed by one Paddock—it was all the session clerk preserved of the little my poor mother left—and when I went to college, he gave it me as a lottery-ticket, or something to that effect ; for forty years I have treasured it in oil skin, and worn it in my bosom.—Don’t interrupt me, I see you are ready, but let me go on. The letter was brought out, it was written from Therlestone, telling his mother that one named Henry had that morning died, and prayed Heaven to send them all consolation under the affliction. Short, and to the point, it contained no more ; but, as the session clerk told Jocelyn when he

gave this precious relic, it had such an effect on his mother, that she was seized with her agonies that same day, and died in giving him birth. On hearing this, Gimlet, with his wonted promptitude, put money in his purse, and bade him hasten back to Stockwell, and compare notes with Mrs. Paddock."

" 'This is indeed a miracle, Dungowan.' "

" It is so," replied he, "but not what I have told you—patience, the wonder is to come. Jocelyn allowed not the grass to grow beneath his tread till he came to Stockwell, fought all the battle o'er again, produced the letter, and read the date. It was the very day on which Mrs. Paddock's husband died! The Henry was he! It was written by his father, and the mother of our mysterious friend was his sister-in-law."

" But what has been his subsequent career, that occultation of which you durst not speak?"

The Captain, who had related this singular story in his usual brisk conversational tone, and with a cheerful aspect, a little overcast at this, replied,

" By Jupiter! you must ask himself, for

although he gave me leave to tell you what I have told, he said nothing about that; I dare say, however, he will tell you himself."

"Commend me to a Highlander," said I, "for the custodier of a secret."

By this time, we had reached a piny part of the forest, and the darkness of the overhanging boughs warned us to go home, where the Captain agreed to remain for the night, and where, as if to complete the drama, we found the Undivulged awaiting our return."

It could not be said that in any respect his appearance was changed, but it was at once obvious, to use a familiar phrase, that he was no longer the same man. The benevolent serenity of his countenance was not altered; neither the sweetness of his voice, nor the beauty of his language in any degree diminished, but the shyness which he had so evidently assumed was thrown off, and save in the humility of his garb, he was with all things else possessed of the ease and grace of a superior gentleman.

As we entered the room he was sitting in conversation with Mrs. Corbet, but by her manner I could see he had said nothing of what

Dungowan had told me. On the contrary to what might have been expected, all was ordinary, and no particular wonderment expressed at his sudden return; and yet Mrs. Corbet was evidently burning with her sex's curiosity.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

RAISING THE CURTAIN.

I SAW by the eager looks of my wife that she was panting to hear the secret which she suspected Dungowan had been telling; and as there appeared no reason why her curiosity should not be gratified, I mentioned to Jocelyn himself that it had much interested me, and that I could not sufficiently admire the providential accident by which he had discovered his relations, requesting him to tell the story to Mrs. Corbet himself.

I did this for two reasons; first, because I was sure he would relate it in the briefest terms and the most beautiful manner; and secondly, because I was half persuaded in my own mind, that Dungowan had told it to me alone under

an apprehension of the irrelevant interruptions he would have otherwise been obliged to endure, had Mrs. Corbet been present. Nor was I disappointed in Jocelyn's narration; it was perfect—every word in its proper place, and each sentence, for elegant completeness, a pearl.

“The pure and precious pearls of splendid thought.”

“Well,” said Mrs. Corbet, when he had concluded, “I do think we shall soon have matter for a novel in three volumes of our own;” and laughingly added, “Who ever thought that I would be a heroine, and live in a midnight turret in America?”

“Upon my word, Urseline,” said I, scarcely perceiving the link of association which connected her ideas together, “I do not see very clearly how this so tends to exalt your character; and besides, there are no turrets in America.”

“But it is easier, Bogle, to invent them, than to make such a nice, delightful, natural romance—and surely I'll be taken into the plot?”

Here Jocelyn interposed, by saying to Dugowan that he had been in too great a haste to tell me; for that after he had left Stock-

well, Mrs. Paddock, in answer to some inquiries concerning the situation of his kindred in England, had described his father as well connected, and that he had a relation with a fine estate, to which she should not be surprised were he to prove the heir; adding, "And can you conjecture his name?"

"No," replied Dungowan; and suddenly he added, "Surely you will not say Sir Harvey Pevetson?"

"The same."

"The self-same man with whom—"

Jocelyn alarmedly exclaimed, "Hush!" and looked grave.

Dungowan checked himself; and then subjoined respectfully, that he had hoped there would have been an end of all mystery.

"There will be soon," replied Jocelyn; and smiling significantly, informed us that he was writing his life, and would tell all.

Mrs. Corbet, delighted to hear this, said, "How I shall weary for the book! Bogle Corbet there is busy too writing his life, but yours will be worth seeing; for his, I do assure you, is whey and water: he never met

with a right novel-like adventure in all his days—what he has read to me of it, is as common as an old newspaper. I wonder what some people think of themselves, when they expect others to read paternosters about their whims and nothings”

The courteous reader must acknowledge that this was an extraordinary speech for a wife to make; but I took not the least notice of it—cool and collected I heard it all, recollecting in how many instances her judgment was not the correctest. It was, however, mortifying to perceive that both Dungowan and Mr. Jocelyn eyed me as if they thought me disturbed. By way of changing the conversation, Jocelyn said rather abruptly, that he thought, from what had been ascertained respecting himself, he ought to return at once to England.

“That, Bogle,” rejoined Mrs. Corbet, turning round to me, “will be capital for you—for ye have been telling me that you think your book big enough, (for my part, I think it too big,) and that you would send it for publication as soon as you met with a careful private hand. Mr. Jocelyn will be a prime oppor-

tunity ; but mind, you are to score out all your trash about me. Gentlemen, were you to see what he has said, you would think me a born idiot. Not that it greatly troubles me, for I well know that courteous readers will discern that gentility is not in the power of his pen, which is only remarkable for a scandalous veracity concerning the most respectable private characters."

But, except herself, none of the party were at the time disposed to be garrulous ; indeed the discovery had been too serious in its bearings, not only to Jocelyn, but even to Dungenowan, on account of Mrs. Paddock and her grandsons, to allow them to be disposed to badinage ; nor was I myself much inclined to be less grave. We therefore turned the subject of our conversation to the course that Jocelyn should pursue, and no other seemed to be so judicious as that he should follow out his own suggestion, and proceed home as soon as a narrative of facts could be compiled, and properly certified, to verify his identity as the same person whom the emigrants that came with him into the province had known in Scotland.

Whether, on his arrival in England, he should institute farther inquiries, we agreed would depend on what he might learn there respecting Sir Harvey Pevetson, with whom, as I happened to say, it would appear he had been already mysteriously connected.

“Not mysteriously,” replied Dungowan; “the mystery is not in their connexion, they have only been formerly acquainted. It is your own resolution—pardon me, Colonel Jocelyn,—that makes the cloud—What have I said?”

This inadvertent disclosure of the rank of the Undivulged probably affected me much less, notwithstanding the exquisite tension to which my curiosity had been drawn, than it did him; but for several minutes a perplexing silence embarrassed us all—I mean the three,—for Mrs. Corbet having, as usual, a world of household thrift to superintend, had left the room some time.

Dungowan was the first that spoke, entreating pardon for his negligence, and pleading, in excuse, how difficult it is to overcome the force of habit by resolution, backed even by the sincerest pledges and promises.

“Say no more,” replied his friend; “perhaps I should now release you. This morning’s discovery has made it no longer necessary to adhere to my plan. You are free, Captain Campbell,” and on saying these few words he rose in visible agitation, and took several turns across the room.

By this time, the evening being advanced, supper, which was served in another apartment, was announced; but he declined to join us, giving as a reason that he had been so much agitated by what had taken place during the day, that he felt not perfectly well, adding, he would, however, join us presently, and that Dungowan might, in the mean time, relate what he had known of him.

We accordingly adjourned, and mutually exchanged interjections of wonder at this new catastrophe, as Mrs. Corbet called it. Her meaning was, however, so obvious, that I did not think it stood in need of any explanation. Dungowan, however, who had fits of fun, as she said, like the falling sickness, being in one of his playful humours, affected not to understand her, but she silenced him with a remark,

that he had not fortitude enough to withstand :

“ Dear me, Captain,” said she, “ I am none surprised that you are not yet acquainted with the English language, considering you have been so shortly since from the Highlands, where the inhabitants, as I have heard you say yourself, speak a mother tongue.”

“ Umph !” replied the Captain.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE DISCLOSURE.

THE story Dungowan had to tell was not long, and only interesting as a curious display of feeling—morbid, perhaps, it should be called.

“When Jocelyn left the University, finding himself without friends or fortune, he proceeded by a Leith smack to London, and had the good luck during the passage to attract attention by the benignity of his looks—for even while a young man he had that remarkable air and serene countenance for which he has been so distinguished in after-life. His dress and manners also indicated one of a higher sphere than he seemed to be in, and implied some eclipse of fortune. He was a steerage-passenger, and yet held himself aloof from those who belonged to that part of the vessel.

“ Among the other passengers whom his pensive appearance interested, was an elderly gentleman, then proceeding to London to take charge of some confidential mission for Government in the Levant. This person was a singularly acute and penetrating character; he had raised himself by the force of his good sense to consideration, but his education had not been worthy of his talents. Finding in Jocelyn, combined with uncommon mildness of manners, considerable attainments, he inquired into his circumstances, and was so pleased with the modesty of his account of himself, that he engaged him to accompany him. During the course of the mission, they visited several of the most important maritime towns on the shores of the Mediterranean; and when it was completed, Jocelyn had conducted himself with so much propriety, that his patron procured for him a commission in a regiment then in garrison at Gibraltar, with which he afterwards accompanied the expedition to Egypt. It was then that Dungowan, himself a subaltern, first knew him.

“ His talents and classical education rendered him at the time a great favourite with all the other officers with whom he became acquainted ; and by his calm courage in battle, he soon acquired the reputation of a good soldier, and his promotion was accordingly rapid.

“ During the short peace,” continued Dungenowan, “ he continued to make, by his own merits, a slow, but undeviating progress. As an officer, no man could better do his duty ; and the gentle manners and placid air which first recommended him to his patron, continued to attract new friends—but it was to them a constant theme of wonder that he never once mentioned kindred, home, or early associates. It was known, however, somehow, among them, that he had been educated at Glasgow College, but

“ From whom descended, or by whom begot,” remained a sealed mystery.

“ During a few months that we were once quartered together in Ireland, he gave me an outline of his adventures, which were not otherwise remarkable than for the famous places he had

visited; he also told me that he was entirely dependent on his pay.

“It was soon after this, that, on his regiment being recalled to England, he was sent to Riggleswold to recruit, near to which is situated the estate of Sir Harvey Pevetson, and he was entertained by the Baronet, as well as the neighbouring gentry, with particular hospitality. Few young men were, indeed, better entitled to kindness; for, independently of being uncommonly handsome, he possessed with his winning mildness, accomplishments which he had taught himself in music of no ordinary degree, and had seen so many celebrated cities, that his conversation was always delightful.

“Sir Harvey had an only child, Miss Juliana, and an attachment grew up between her and Jocelyn. Her father, never suspecting, in consequence of his elegance, that he could be less than respectably born, saw their growing affection without displeasure; but when Jocelyn proposed marriage, the old gentleman, with becoming prudence, requested to know his connexions. Not the slightest sentiment of objection to Jocelyn himself was intimated, nor is it

believed that any such was felt. It was the question of a tender father, solicitous for the honour and happiness of his only child.

“The conduct of Jocelyn was suitable to the correctness of his general behaviour: he related his whole story to Sir Harvey, and was listened to, as he said to myself, with compassionate attention; but when he had ended the narration, he saw that his hopes were withered. The Baronet appealed with kindness and delicacy to himself, and simply inquired, if he could expect him to consent to the marriage.

“Every thing I have ever known of Colonel Jocelyn has been distinguished by good sense, but his resolution to bury himself in obscurity.

“The refusal of Sir Harvey naturally induced Jocelyn, as a man of honour, to separate himself from the lady, and he did so without delay, exchanging for an appointment abroad. Before leaving the kingdom, he wrote to me an account of the whole affair, and in that letter for the first time, at least to me, a querulous expression escaped him, adverting to his friendlessness and orphan birth. For a long time I heard

nothing more of him than the Gazette and the army list furnished in his several promotions, till I found him a Colonel in the army, on half pay, some four or five years ago at Cheltenham.

“Miss Pevetson, he then told me, was still unmarried, and had resisted all her father’s entreaties that she would change her name. “But,” said the Colonel, “while she acknowledges that it is on my account she remains single, she has promised her father never to marry until I shall have ascertained the respectability of my family; and lo! it proves that Colonel Jocelyn is not only her equal, but probably the heir to her father’s title and property.”

“Surprising, Dungowan, said I, very surprising! But still all that says nothing of the mystery. Why is he here, and come in the capacity of a mere labourer?”

“The tale is all of a piece,” replied the Captain. “Soon after I had seen him at Cheltenham, partly at my suggestion, he went to the village where his mother died, hoping that some glimmering tradition might still exist there

concerning her connexions. But his resolution to conceal himself had been previously formed. He went back in disguise; he appeared among his native scenes and early friends a baffled adventurer, but still fondly hoping that some chance might repay his search. None ever occurred; so, abandoning all hope, and giving up the world, he has come here to die unknown, and would have done so, but for the extraordinary Providence that brought him to Stockwell and disclosed him to me."

"But why need he have sunk himself to a condition so humble? his half-pay would have supported him as a gentleman."

"So I have said to himself; and all the satisfaction he gave me in his answer was, that to retain his rank longer was not consistent with the oblivion he desired. Something in this case must be conceded to feeling. Had he been a Catholic, instead of seeking the woods he would probably have found his way to the cloister."

During the whole of this impressive narrative, much to my surprise, Mrs. Corbet, who was present, never once opened her lips; even

after it was finished, she sat with her cheek upon her palm, till I said,

“ Well, Urseline, what ’s your opinion ? ”

“ Finish your book, Bogle, outright.”

“ Good Heavens ! were you thinking of that all this time ? ”

“ If I did not know,” replied she, “ that sometimes there is a likelihood of a want about you, I would not urge you ; but every hour the poor man is detained here defrauds true love — though, between ourselves, I wonder, when he was a gallanting young recruiting officer, he did not gallop away to Gretna Green with the young lady, instead of parleyvooring with her father.”

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE CONCLUSION.

THE preparations for Colonel Jocelyn's departure are now nearly completed, and therefore, although it cannot be said that my life will be finished while I remain in the land of the living, this work must be brought to a point. I cannot say, however, that in doing so I am at all gratifying myself. I should have been better pleased could I have made it more useful to those whom wounded feeling or disabled fortune may prompt to prove the habits and the custom of these woods. But since fate and expediency wills it otherwise, the reader will permit me to remark, in the way of general reflection, that when I recall to mind the experience of those in the forest, it would seem

that the toil, the cares, and the anxieties which await the emigrant during his first season, result from a wise arrangement, which prevents him from suffering too keenly the privations incident to the wildness of his situation.

If the first year be his busiest, his most diversified and most anxious for the future, it is also that in which the natural consequences of separating himself from urbane society, occasions the least melancholy. Experience makes him in the next more adroit at the business of his toils, and, pleased with his own proficiency, he practises the lessons of his tasks with invigorated hope; but he begins to suffer pangs of leisure. The third season begets other cares; he then sees the course and scope of the labour and career he has undertaken, and his attention, scarcely occupied with prospective considerations, finds many wants and deficiencies curiously increasing around him. The fourth season is the first in which the gentleman emigrant must appeal against the genius of the solitude to his own resources, and with the spells of earnest thought, seek relief from the craving

voids which then begin their peevish aching in his bosom.

In committing my children to the charge of another, I made a great sacrifice, paradoxical as it may seem, by divesting myself of much diverting solicitude. My rural improvements, no doubt, required my attention, but not the whole of it. And when no longer obliged to superintend the studies of my children, I became sensible that the man who does not labour with his own hands in the forest, should have some pursuit that will draw his mind away from the eventless solitude which he will too soon discover around him.

Unfortunately, my juvenile predilections for the contemplation of the starry heavens, have here no scope. The skies are only seen in patches, environed with the rough and narrow periphery of the forest horizon, and the evenings which were devoted to the duties of a teacher soon became waste on my hands.

Ornithology, after astronomy, would have been the most congenial study to my taste ; but it can only be effectually pursued by travelling, for the scarcity of birds in the woods renders it

soon exhausted. Botany, in consequence, may be adopted ; but the science, as it stands, having reference chiefly to the palpable characteristics of plants, and their classification, seems arid, and not more instructive than catalogue reading. —I have for some time studied Botany, with resolution rather than with pleasure, and I think in the end it would have mastered my patience. But a happy fancy of Mrs. Corbet has given it new life and variety.

Seeing me assorting a collection of flowers that I had one day gathered in my walk, she expressed her surprise that I should trifle my precious time with such useless particularity.

“ Were I you,” said she, “ I would have nothing to do with the this and the that of herbs, which nobody knows the Christian names of. I would see what they are good for, and assort them rather by their qualities.”

The hint gave me a new impulse, and leaf, blossom, root, and fibre, have, from that night, been subjected to all the varieties of chemical torture and analysis. Our parlour is often filled with the vapour, fume, and fragrance, of these vegetable investigations ; and a pastime

having an object, has tended to diminish the tediousness of that time to which the epithet of precious ought to be applied.

But although no discovery has rewarded the pursuit, something is in view, and in that unknown entity lies the charm that counteracts the ennui of idleness. Let no one, therefore, enter the wilderness, with the intention of abiding there for life, who does not bring with him a habit of study with some object, or that may be interminable, and yet not of such fascination as to seduce him from his serious business. How many appliances are required in great cities to arouse the plodding progeny of commerce! Can it be thought that recreation is not as essential to vary the monotony of the lonely woods?

Perhaps I am too apt to give way to peevish complaints of the unalleviated sameness of the Settler's pursuits; and I have already more than once caught myself sliding into a querulous humour;—but the tale of it may not be unprofitable to those who may glance at these pages for amusement, and find them in many respects as much devoted to information. But

though so many days are here blank leaves in the book of life, let me not be misunderstood; I have no cause to regret my emigration; I have only been too late. The man must indeed be strangely constituted, who above fifty emigrates for life, with the habits and notions of the old country rivetted upon him, and yet expects to meet with 'aught much better than discomfort. Emigration should be undertaken at that period when youths are commonly sent to trades and professions: the hardships are too heavy an apprenticeship for manhood, and to riper years penalty and privation.

APPENDIX.

HAVING abandoned an intention which I had at one time formed of publishing, for the benefit of Emigrants, a Statistical Account of Upper Canada, for which I had collected materials, I think, in addition to the general information contained in the body of the foregoing fiction, it will be useful to subjoin a description of the different townships in eight of the eleven districts into which the province is divided, drawn up from the best authorities.

J. G.

EASTERN DISTRICT.

Nature of the Soil, and Advantages and Disadvantages of Situation.

MATILDA.—*Soil*—Black loam, clay, and sand ; generally productive.—*Advan.*—Watered by the St. Lawrence in front ; one branch of the River Petite Nation runs through the rear of it. Two grist-mills on the St. Lawrence.

WILLIAMSBURGH.—*Soil*—Much the same ; some part stony.—*Advan.*—Watered in the interior by creeks. Grist and saw-mills.

OSNABRUCK.—*Soil*—Front part sandy ; in the rear a good soil of loam and clay.—*Advan.*—Watered in front by the St. Lawrence, River aux Raisins, Hoople's Creek, Crysler's Mill, and Louck's Mill.

CORNWALL.—*Soil*—Red loam, clay, and stony.—*Advan.*—Dixson's, Chisholm's, Cline's, Fraser's, and Link's Mills, different branches of the River aux Raisins. Dundas-Street runs through the centre of this township.

CHARLOTTENBURGH.—*Soil*—Much the same as Cornwall.—*Advan.*—Well watered ; several grist and saw-mills. Dundas-Street passes through it.

LANCASTER.—*Soil*—Clay and loam : generally low land, but productive.—*Advan.*—Saw and grist-mills. Dundas-Street passes through it.

LOCHIEL.—*Soil*—Rear part of this township rich ; front part, low land and stony.—*Advan.*—Watered by the River de Lisle and River de Grass. Grist and saw-mills.

KENYON.—*Soil*—Loam and clay ; fine soil.—*Advan.*—Well watered ; but few mill-sites ; not valuable.

ROXBOROUGH.—*Soil*—Generally black loam and clay ; some part to the West is stony.—*Advan.*—Watered by the North branch of the River aux Raisins, and several creeks.

FINCH.—*Soil*—Good ; the front part black loam ; the rear sandy.—*Advan.*—A branch of the Petite Nation River runs through it. Several Mill-sites.

WINCHESTER.—*Soil*—Loam mixed with sand.—*Advan.*—Petite Nation River, and branch of the Castor River runs through it. One mill-site.

MOUNTAIN.—*Soil*—Mixed loam and clay.—*Advan.*—Branches of the Petite Nation River runs through it. One saw-mill.

OTTAWA DISTRICT.

Nature of the Soil, and Advantages and Disadvantages of Situation.

GLOUCESTER.—*Soil*—On the front of the Ottawa River, and in the rear of the township, the land is clayey ; on the front of the Rideau the soil is gravelly.—*Advan.*—This township has two

fronts, one on the Ottawa, and one on the Rideau.

OSGOODE.—*Soil*—Rich, black, and gravelly.—*Advan.*—It fronts on the East side of the Rideau River.

CUMBERLAND.—*Soil*—Light, or sandy.—*Advan.*—Well watered, and has two saw-mills.

RUSSELL.—*Soil*—Light sandy.—*Advan.*—Well watered, and has good mill-sites.

CLARENCE.—*Soil*—Light sandy.—*Advan.*—Fronts on the Ottawa River, and has two small mill-sites.

CAMBRIDGE.—*Soil*—Very light sandy.—*Advan.*—Very well watered.

PLANTAGENET.—*Soil*—Sandy, with some clayey land.—*Advan.*—Fronts on the Ottawa, and is well situated, having the River Petite Nation running through it.

ALFRED.—*Soil*—Poor ; alternate sand and clay.—*Advan.*—Fronts on the Ottawa River.

CALEDONIA.—*Soil*—One quarter of this Township consists of good land ; the rest is low and marshy.—Disadvantageously situated.

HAWKESBURY, EAST, AND GORE.—*Soil*—Rough, stony, and gravelly.—*Advan.*—Fronts on the Ottawa.

HAWKESBURY, WEST.—*Soil*—Stony and gravelly.—*Advan.*—Well situated, and pretty well settled.

JOHNSTONE DISTRICT.

Nature of the Soil, and Advantages and Disadvantages of Situation.

LEEDS.—*Soil*—Indifferent.—Advantage of a stream of water.

LANSDOWN.—*Soil*—Indifferent.—Indifferently situated.

YONGE.—*Soil*—Good.—Advantageously situated.

ELIZABETH TOWN.—*Soil*—Good.—Advantageously situated.

AUGUSTA. — *Soil* — Good. — Advantageously situated.

EDWARDSBURGH. — *Soil* — Good. — Advantageously situated.

NORTH GOWER.—*Soil*—Good.—*Advan.*—Middling.

SOUTH GOWER.—*Soil*—Good.—*Advan.*—Middling.

OXFORD.—*Soil*—Good.—Advantageously situated.

MARLBOROUGH. — *Soil* — Good. — Advantageously situated.

WOLFORD. — *Soil* — Good. — Advantageously situated.

MONTAGUE. — *Soil* — Middling. — Advantageously situated.

ELMSLEY. — *Soil* — Indifferent. — Advantageously situated.

KITLEY.—*Soil*—Indifferent.—*Advan.*—Indifferent.

BASTARD. — *Soil* — Good. — Advantageously situated.

BURGESS. — *Soil* — Indifferent. — *Advantages* — Indifferent.

NORTH CROSBY. — *Soil* — Good. — *Advantages* — Indifferent.

SOUTH CROSBY. — *Soil* — Good. — *Advantages* — Indifferent.

MIDLAND DISTRICT.

Nature of the Soil, and Advantages and Disadvantages of Situation.

AMELIASBURGH. — *Soil* — Generally good, with the exception of some swamps. — *Advan.* — Well situated on the waters of the Bay of Quinté.

HILLIER. — *Soil* — Generally good, with the exception of some swamps. — *Advan.* — Well situated on the waters of Lake Ontario.

SOPHIASBURGH. — *Soil* — Generally good, with the exception of some swamps. — *Advan.* — Well situated on the waters of the Bay of Quinté.

MARYSBURGH. — *Soil* — Generally good, with the exception of some swamps. — *Advan.* — Well situated on the waters of the Bay of Quinté and Lake Ontario.

PITTSBURGH. — *Soil* — Some very good land, but the greater part indifferent. — *Advan.* — Well situated on the waters of the St. Lawrence.

KINGSTON.—*Soil*—Generally good, but some parts rocky.—*Advan.*—Well situated on the waters of the St. Lawrence.

ERNEST TOWN.—*Soil*—Generally good.—*Advan.*—Well situated on the waters of the Bay of Quinté.

FREDERICKSBURGH. — *Soil* — Generally good. — *Advan.*—Well situated on the waters of the Bay of Quinté.

ADOLPHUS TOWN.—*Soil*—Generally good.—*Advan.*—Well situated on the waters of the Bay of Quinté.

RICHMOND.—*Soil*—Front five concessions generally good; the rear bad.—*Advan.*—Well situated on the Nappanee River.

TYENDINGA.—*Soil*—Generally poor.—*Disadvan.*—Not well situated.

THURLOW.—*Soil*—Generally good.—*Advan.*—Well situated on the waters of the Bay of Quinté.

SIDNEY.—*Soil*—Generally good.—*Advan.*—Well situated on the waters of the Bay of Quinté.

RAWDON.—*Soil*—Front six concessions generally good; rear part bad.—*Advan.*—Marmora road runs through the township. Second range of townships.

HUNTINGDON.—*Soil*—Front six concessions generally good; rear part bad.—Second range of townships.

HUNGERFORD.—*Soil*—Generally reputed bad.—Second range of townships.

CAMDEN, EAST. — *Soil*—Generally good.—*Advan.*
—Second range of townships; situated on the
Nappanee River.

PORTLAND. — *Soil*—Middling, containing swamps
and lakes. — Second range of townships.

LOUGHBOROUGH. — *Soil*—Better than Portland.—
Second range of townships.

BEDFORD. — *Soil*—Not very good.—Third range of
townships.

HINCHINBROKE. — *Soil*—Not very good.—Third
range of townships.

SHEFFIELD. — *Soil*—Not very good.—Third range
of townships.

MARMORA. — *Soil*—Not very good.—Third range
of townships.

LAKE. — *Soil* and value unknown.

MADOC. — *Soil* — Generally good.—Third range
of townships.

EBZEVR. — *Soil* — Bad.—Third range of town-
ships.

KALADAR. — *Soil*—Bad.—Third range of town-
ships.

KENEDEC. — *Soil*—Bad.—Third range of town-
ships.

PALMERSTON. — *Soil* and situation unknown.

HALLOWELL. — *Soil*—Generally good.—*Advan.* —
Well situated on the Bay of Quinté, partly.

NEWCASTLE DISTRICT.

Nature of the Soil, and Advantages and Disadvantages of Situation.

- DARLINGTON.—*Soil*—Generally good.—Taken up by absentees ; lying on Lake Ontario.
- CLARKE. — *Soil*—Generally good. — Taken up by absentees ; lying on Lake Ontario.
- HOPE.—*Soil*—Generally good. — *Advan.*—Well watered ; contains a village, with good mills. The adjoining townships are well settled. It lies on Lake Ontario.
- HAMILTON.—*Soil*—Nearly one half of this township is bad land, the rest good.—*Advan.*—Centre of the district ; a county-town ; a village ; good mills ; well watered, and lies on Lake Ontario.
- HALDIMAND.—*Soil*—More than half bad land.—*Advan.* — Well watered ; but no good flour-mills ; lies on Lake Ontario.
- CRAMAHE.—*Soil*—More than half bad land. — *Advan.* — Well watered ; but no good flour-mills ; lies on Lake Ontario.
- MURRAY.—*Soil*—Generally good.—*Advan.*—Lies on Lake Ontario, and head of Bay of Quinté ; River Trent in the rear : few mill advantages.
- SEYMOUR.—*Soil* — Good. — *Advan.* — Second range of townships from Lake Ontario ; the

river Trent runs through it, with great mill advantages ; not settled.

PERCY. — *Soil* — Good. — Few mill advantages ; second range of townships ; partly settled.

ALNWICK. — *Soil*—Bad. — Rear township on Rice Lake ; not settled.

MONAGHAN. — *Soil*—Generally good.— *Advan.*—Thinly settled ; navigable waters on the East side.

ASPHODEL. — *Soil*—Generally good. — *Advan.*—North of Rice Lake and river Trent ; well watered ; tolerably well settled.

OTANABEE. — *Soil*—Generally good.— *Advan.*—North of Rice Lake ; well watered ; tolerably well settled.

CARAN.—*Soil*—Good.—*Advan.*—Well settled ; well watered ; with mill advantages.

MANVERS.— *Soil*—Very bad. — *Disadvan.*—Not settled ; large grants ; not well watered.

CARTWRIGHT. — *Soil* — Better. — Not settled, in large grants ; better watered.

MARIPODA.—*Soil*—Generally good.—*Advan.*—Not settled ; but well watered.

SMITH.— *Soil*—Generally good. — *Advan.*—Great water.

FENELON. — *Soil*—Little known.— *Disadvan.*—Very remote ; not settled.

OPS. — *Soil*—Good. — *Advan.*—Not settled ; but well watered.

- EMILY. — *Soil*—Generally good. — *Advan.*—Well settled ; well watered.
- VERULAM. — *Soil*—Not very good. — *Advan.*—Well watered ; but not settled ; remote.
- HARVEY. — *Soil*—Not good. — *Disadvan.*—Not well watered ; not settled ; remote.
- BURLEIGH. — *Soil*—Not good. — *Disadvan.*—Not well watered ; not settled ; remote.
- DOURO. — *Soil*—Good. — *Advan.*—Well watered ; but thinly settled.
- DUMMER. — *Soil*—Not very good. — *Disadvan.*—Badly watered ; not settled ; remote.
- METHVEN. — *Soil*—Bad. — *Disadvan.*—Cut up with lakes and rivers ; rocky ; remote.
- BELMONT. — *Soil*—Not very good. — *Advan.*—Well watered ; near the iron-works ; not settled.

DISTRICT OF GORE.

Nature of the Soil, and Advantages and Disadvantages of Situation.

- TRAFALGAR. — *Soil*—Clay and loam. — *Advan.*—This township fronts Lake Ontario ; mill-streams, and highways, &c.
- ESQUESING. — *Soil*—Principally sand ; clay in some parts. — *Disadvan.*—Lying in rear of Trafalgar ; and want of highways, mills, &c.

ERIN.—*Soil*—Principally black sand.—*Disadvan.*
—Lying in rear of Esquesing ; want of roads,
mills, &c.

GARRAFRAXA.—*Soil*—Black sand.—*Disadvan.*—
Similar to Erin.

ERAMOSA.—*Soil*—Black sand.—*Disadvan.*—Simi-
lar to Garrafraxa.

NASSAGIWEYA.—*Soil*—Black sand.—*Disadvan.*—
Similar to Eramosa.

NELSON.—*Soil*—Clay and sand.—*Advan.*—Front-
ing on the Lake, similar to Trafalgar.

FLAMBORO', EAST.—*Soil*—Clay and sand.—*Advan.*
—Fronting on Lake Ontario and Burlington
Bay.

FLAMBORO', WEST.—*Soil*—Clay and sand.—*Advan.*
—Fronts on Dundas-Street and Coote's Paradise ;
mills, highways, &c.

BEVERLEY.—*Soil*—Clay and sand.—*Disadvan.*—
Want of mills, roads, &c.

ANCASTER.—*Soil*—Principally sand ; clay in
places.—*Advan.*—Highways, mills, &c.

BARTON.—*Soil*—Clay and sand.—*Advan.*—Front-
ing Burlington Bay ; roads, mills, &c.

GLANFORD.—*Soil*—Principally clay ; sand in places.
—*Disadvan.*—Lying in rear of Barton ; want
of roads, &c.

BINBROOK.—*Soil*—Clay.—*Disadvan.*—Lying in
rear of Saltfleet ; want of roads, mills, &c.

SALTFLEET.—*Soil*—Clay and sand.—*Advan.*—
Fronting Lake Ontario ; highways, mills, &c.

NIAGARA DISTRICT.

Nature of the Soil, and Advantages and Disadvantages of Situation.

- GRIMSBY.—*Soil*—Clay and yellow loam.—*Advan.*
—Fronts on Lake Ontario, and the front all settled; a small village at the Forty Mile Creek, with two grist-mills, and three saw-mills. The southern part has the Twenty Mile Creek running through a small part of it, where there are mills, and a small village.—*Disadvan.*—Most of the unsettled lands wet, and a great deal of swamp.
- CAISTOR.—*Soil*—Principally hard clay.—*Advan.*—The Chippewa Creek, or Welland, runs through it.—*Disadvan.*—Badly watered; a great deal of bad land; flat, wet, and swampy; thinly settled, and far back.
- CLINTON.—*Soil*—Clay, yellow and black loam.—*Advan.*—Fronts on Lake Ontario; has several saw-mills, and one grist-mill.—*Disadvan.*—Badly watered; deficient in mill-streams.
- GAINSBOROUGH.—*Soil*—Principally clay.—*Advan.*
—Fronts on Chippewa Creek; Twenty Mile Creek runs through a part of it: has two grist-mills and five saw-mills.—*Disadvan.*—Badly watered between the Chippewa and Twenty

Mile Creeks; the lands wet and swampy, with some marsh.

LOUTH.—*Soil*—Clay, and yellow loam.—*Advan.*—Fronts on Lake Ontario; Twenty Mile Creek runs through it; Falls of the Twenty Mile Creek afford valuable situations for mills; has two grist-mills and five saw-mills, and contains a considerable quantity of pine timber.—*Disadvan.*—A deficiency of water in dry seasons.

PELHAM.—*Soil*—Sand, yellow loam, and clay.—*Advan.*—Fronts on the Chippewa; is well watered with springs; has one durable mill-stream, with two grist-mills, one fulling-mill, and three saw-mills.—*Disadvan.*—A part of the land much broken with short hills, and some of it light and sandy.

GRANTHAM.—*Soil*—Clay, black and yellow loam.—*Advan.*—Fronts on Lake Ontario; Welland Canal, and Twelve Mile Creek pass through it; has three grist-mills, four saw-mills, one fulling-mill, one carding-machine, salt works, and a flourishing village, St. Catherine's.—*Disadvan.*—A great deficiency of water in dry seasons, except what is afforded by the Twelve Mile Creek.

THOROLD.—*Soil*—Strong clay.—*Advan.*—Fronts on the Chippewa; is well settled, and the Welland Canal winds through it.—*Disadvan.*—Under none in particular.

NIAGARA.—*Soil*—Sand, clay, and yellow and black loam.—*Advan.*—Fronts on Lake Ontario and

the Niagara River ; navigable for ships to the extremity of the township. The county town, Queenston and St. David's, head-quarters of the military ; has one steam-mill, one wind-mill, four grist water-mills, and two saw-mills.—*Disadvan.*—Want of water for hydraulic purposes.

STAMFORD.—*Soil*—Clay, sand, and yellow loam.—*Advan.*—Bounded by the Niagara River and Chippewa Creek. The Falls of Niagara afford valuable sites for mills, and are a great resort for strangers during the summer months.—*Disadvan.*—Under none in particular.

WILLOUGHBY.—*Soil*—Hard clay in general.—*Advan.*—None but being situated on the Niagara River and Chippewa Creek, and contiguous to a good market.—*Disadvan.*—Low, flat, and cold soil ; in general badly watered ; the water of a bad quality, and pure water cannot be got by digging.

CROWLAND.—*Soil*—Hard clay generally.—*Advan.*—Being situated on the Chippewa, and Lyon's Creek running through it ; the latter affording one mill site, on which a grist-mill is erected.—*Disadvan.*—A great deficiency of water, except what the Chippewa affords ; pure water not to be got by digging, except in the upper part of the township.

BERTIE.—*Soil*—Clay, black loam, and limestone.—*Advan.*—Fronts on the Niagara River and Lake Erie. The roads generally good through-

out the township; is well settled, and advantageously situated for market.—*Disadvan.*—Want of water for hydraulic purposes.

HUMBERSTONE.—*Soil*—Clay and black mould.—*Advan.*—Bounded on Lake Erie, and the dry parts of the township well settled.—*Disadvan.*—A great part of the township is Tamerack and Cranberry Marsh; the land generally low and flat, the front of the township thinly settled, and no mill-streams.

WAINFLEET.—*Soil*—Clay and yellow loam.—*Advan.*—Bounded by Lake Erie and Chippewa Creek. The Welland Canal laid out to pass through it.—*Disadvan.*—A great part Cranberry Marsh, and a want of mill-streams.

DISTRICT OF LONDON.

Nature of the Soil, and Advantages and Disadvantages of Situation.

RAINHAM.—*Soil*—Generally clay, rich and fertile; well timbered.—*Advan.*—Bounding on the front Lake Erie, and affords advantages of navigation. Stoney Creek runs through it, with some mill sites.

WALPOLE.—*Soil*—The rear part generally clay; the front rich and fertile.—*Advan.*—Bounding on the front Lake Erie, and affords advantages of navigation. St. Gus and Nautikoke Creeks

run through it, with some mill sites ; well timbered ; some pine.

WOODHOUSE.—*Soil*—The West part sandy loam ; the East rich loam, inclining to clay.—*Advan.*—Bounded on the front by Lake Erie, and affords advantages of navigation ; well watered, and good timber, with several mill sites ; Patterson and Black Creeks running through it. Good roads in the settlement.

CHARLOTTEVILLE. — *Soil*—The front generally sandy loam, and some light clay ; the rear light sandy soil.—*Advan.*—Bounding on the front, Lake Erie affords advantages of navigation ; well watered with creeks and springs, abounding with bog ore of the best quality ; much plains, and not well timbered ; Big Creek running through part of it.

WALSINGHAM.—*Soil*—The front rich loam, the rear hungry sand.—*Advan.*—Bounding on the front, Lake Erie affords advantages of navigation, and well timbered, with some mill sites ; the rear most generally poor pine. Big Creek runs through the West part of it.

TOWNSEND.—*Soil*—Sandy loam.—*Advan.*—Well watered, and well timbered ; the West part generally oak, and the East mostly good pine ; some mill sites. Nautikoke runs through part of it.

WINDHAM.—*Soil*—Sandy ; some parts loamy.—*Disadvan.*—Several swamps ; not well timbered in some part ; principally pine, not good for building ; but better timbered in the West part of it.

- MIDDLETON. — *Soil* — Sandy. — *Advan.* — Several swamps; but affords some good pine, and good iron ore. Big Creek runs through it.
- OAKLAND. — *Soil* — Sandy loam. — *Disadvan.* — Not well watered or well timbered; principally white oak, of small growth. — *Advan.* — Good roads.
- BURFORD. — *Soil* — The East part sandy loam; the West rich loam. — *Advan.* — The West part well watered, with good timber; the East well watered, not well timbered. Some poor pine.
- BLLENHEIM. — *Soil* — Loamy. — *Advan.* — Well watered, and generally well timbered, with oak and pine.
- BLANDFORD. — *Soil* — Loam and clay. — *Advan.* — Well timbered. Inland.
- WILMOT. — In the GORE DISTRICT.
- ZORRA. — *Soil* — Loamy. — *Advan.* — Well watered, and well timbered: good maple, beach, and oak. Inland.
- MISSOURI. — *Soil* — Rich loam. — *Advan.* — Well watered, and well timbered. Inland.
- LONDON. — *Soil* — Rich loam. — *Advan.* — Well watered, and well timbered; bounding in front on the Thames. Inland.
- WESTMINSTER. — *Soil* — Rich and loamy. — *Advan.* — Well timbered; much good maple, beach, and oak. Some part bounded on the River Thames. Inland.
- DORCHESTER, NORTH. — *Soil* — Loam. — *Advan.* — Well watered, and well timbered with pine. Inland.

DORCHESTER, SOUTH.—*Soil*—Sandy.—*Advan.*—Swampy ; and timbered in the front with scrubby pine. Inland.

DEREHAM.—*Soil*—Loam and clay.—*Advan.*—Well timbered ; Otter Creek runs through it, with mill sites. Inland.

NORWICH.—*Soil*—Rich loam.—*Advan.*—Well timbered ; Big Creek running through it ; some mill sites. Inland.

OXFORD, EAST.—*Soil*—Loam and clay.—*Advan.*—Well timbered. Inland.

OXFORD, WEST.—*Soil*—Loam and clay.—*Advan.*—Well watered and timbered. Inland.

OXFORD, NORTH.—*Soil*—Loam and Clay.—*Advan.*—Well timbered. Inland.

HOUGHTON.—*Soil*—Sandy loam.—*Advan.*—Bounding on the front, Lake Erie affords advantages of navigation ; well timbered and well watered.

BAYHAM.—*Soil*—Loam, and some clay in part of it.—*Advan.*—Bounded on the front by Lake Erie, affords advantages of navigation ; the Otter Creeks run through it ; well timbered with good pine.

MALAHIDE.—*Soil*—Loam and clay.—*Advan.*—Bounded on the front by Lake Erie, affords advantages of navigation ; well watered and well timbered.

YARMOUTH.—*Soil*—Sandy loam, rich and fertile.—*Advan.*—Bounded on the front by Lake Erie, affords advantages of navigation ; is well watered and well timbered ; good oak.

- SOUTHWOLD.—*Soil*—Loamy.—*Advan.*—Bounded on the front by Lake Erie, affords advantages of navigation; well timbered; Kettle Creek running through part of it.
- DELAWARE.—*Soil*—Loam and clay; rich flats.—*Advan.*—The River Thames bordering on the West side; some part well timbered with oak.
- LOBO.—*Soil*—Loam and clay in the front.—*Advan.*—The River Thames borders the East side; well timbered in the front concessions, oak and maple; well watered with small streams.
- CARRADOC.—*Soil*—Loamy.—*Advan.*—The River Thames on the East side; well timbered with oak.
- EKFRID.—*Soil*—Loamy.—*Advan.*—The River Thames borders on the East side; s well timbered with maple and oak.
- MOSE.—*Soil*—Loam and clay.—*Advan.*—The River Thames borders on the East side; is well timbered with maple and oak.
- ALDBOROUGH.—*Soil*—Loam and clay.—*Advan.*—Bounded on the South by Lake Erie, and North by the River Thames; affords many advantages of navigation, and is well timbered.
- DUNWICH.—*Soil*—Loam and clay.—*Advan.*—Bounded on the front by Lake Erie; affords advantages of navigation, and is well timbered.

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